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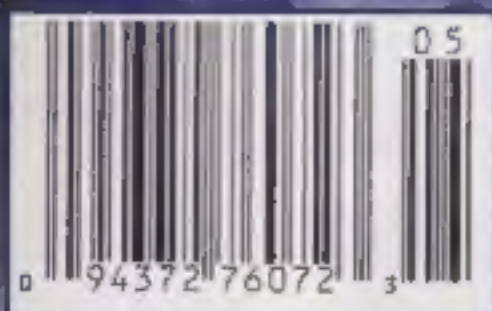
# DRUMMER



## GAY SKINHEADS THE LOOK VS IDEOLOGY

CASTRO, RENEGADE STUDIO, R.A.W.

Hard Fiction & Erotic Photography Depicting a New Breed of Leathermen



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# CONTENTS

## FEATURES

### INTERVIEW.....16

A Conversation with Peter Fiske.  
By Pat Califia.

### LAY ME SOME SKIN.....27

A new breed of leathersmen emerge with a vengeance. The look varies but the statement is clear.  
Photos by Marcostudio, David S.G. Burns, Rick Castro.

### MASTER KEY.....33

A young American arrives in London to fulfill his passion for masculine, skinhead men. How will he catch their attention?  
Story by Marc Charles. Illustration by Bill Ward.

### SKIN MASTER.....38

This tattooed, skinhead Daddy takes the lead in training his willing boy. There's nowhere to go but down.  
Photos by Rick Castro. Models: Roy Athey & Ivar Johnson.

### HE BLOWS HOT AND COLD.....45

Looks make the man. However a whole new image can rise from the flames.  
Story by Richard A. White. Illustration by R.A.W.

### BRITISH NEO-FAGS.....50

Young, gay skinheads are coming onto the scene, displaying their rough and savage rituals of lust. They make it up as they go, no rules, no holds barred.  
Photos by Hanson, for Spikefoto.

## COLUMNS

### EDITORIAL.....5

### NEWS.....7

Marcus The Merciless. By Marcus Hernandez.

### REVIEWS.....12

### TECHNIQUES.....20

## ETCETERA

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....6

### CALENDAR.....10

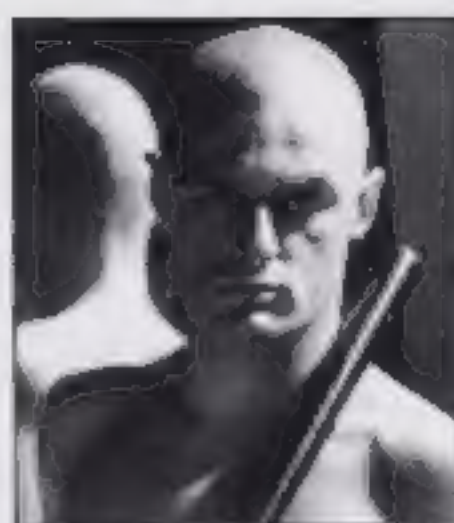
### CLASSIFIEDS.....57

### TOUGH CUSTOMERS.....81

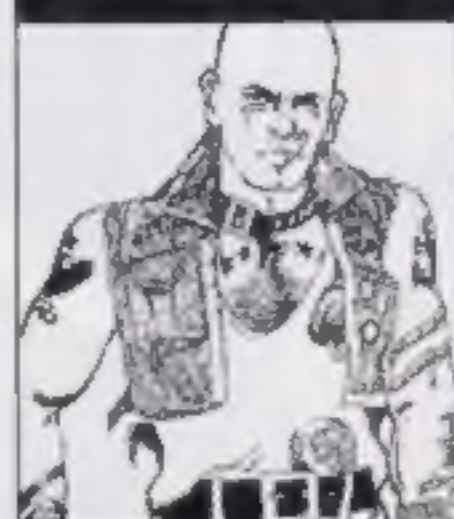
### CUMMING UP.....82

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

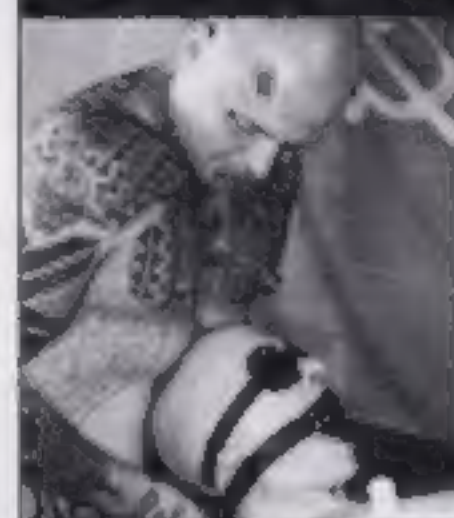
-Henry David Thoreau



LAY ME SOME SKIN - PG. 27



MASTER KEY - PG. 33



SKIN MASTER - PG. 38



BRITISH NEO-FAGS - PG. 50



DRUMMEDIA - PG. 12

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MARTIN BAKKER.....PUBLISHER



## WE ARE FAMILY

### OFF THE TOP

by Marcus-Jay Wonacott

I received a letter to the editor recently from a leatherman in Peoria, IL, inquiring about *DRUMMER* and the impact this particular magazine has on the leather community at large. He was very excited that *DRUMMER* featured the kind of lifestyle and fantasy he had been entertaining for a long time but didn't know where to go or who to talk with about his desired kink. He was thrilled to find our "Dear Sir" classifieds was his open door to connect with other like-minded men. His P.S. asked, "What other sources are available to give me more S&M techniques? I want to learn how to be a good leatherman."

Well...a "good leatherman" is a term that is very broad and will always be open for interpretation but I do know about some sources. They are right here at home; the Desmodus family of magazines. All the magazines we publish put major focus on interested leathermen whose lives represent the diversity of today's leather community.

Many readers have seen the transformation of *DRUMMER*. It is a leather/SM/fetish publication of the 90's. *DRUMMER*'s type of sexuality/sensuality reaches out not only to those who are already in the community, but also to those who are looking in from the outside and interested in finding out more. We want to encourage novices who are afraid to take that first step to explore their fantasies about man-to-man leather sex. *DRUMMER* is a hot, raunchy, nasty way to view leather and SM from the safety of your own bedroom. The classifieds can link almost any man with a hard-on to another guy with similar interests, probably for the first time.

But wait! There's more! Did you know that we offer other magazines encompassing leather kink? *MACH* magazine portrays the "darker" side of leather/SM/fetish. *MACH* looks at leather as a lifestyle, not just something to wear on a Saturday night. The one-handed fiction, photos and artwork spark visions and fantasies of forbidden acts of masculine passion and lust. Reading *MACH* will definitely unleash the inner beast!

But how does one learn how to actually do the things you read about in *DRUMMER* and

*MACH*? Not that it's safe to replicate all the extreme acts described in SM porn. Real SM is safe, sane and consensual, an act that can be difficult to learn if you are an isolated newcomer. Our solution is *DungeonMaster*. (No, not a hulk of a man you hire by the hour.) *DungeonMaster* is a magazine which offers men who play with men techniques and the "how-to's" of almost every SM/fetish activity known (or invented on the spur of the moment). The articles in *DungeonMaster* are written by men who are considered experts in their chosen fetish-play. Back issues of this magazine are part of the resource library of every responsible leatherman.

The big question is, "What does one do after all this reading and research?" Meet up with other tough men and play, of course! *TOUGHCUSTOMERS* magazine is a photo-classified publication where you can not only read about the varied interests of like-minded



Photo by Arimond

men but also see them in the flesh! Every three months, hundreds of horny, raunchy men offer up their photos and desires in order to hear from you, the reader. The popularity of *TC* has grown by leaps and bounds and will continue to get bigger (like a well-used penis). The inclusion of your picture comes at no cost to you but will bring you big rewards!

You are not alone. *DRUMMERMEN* like yourself are out there seeking release and community. Whether from Peoria, New York City or anywhere around the world, *DRUMMER* is one of several choices which should satisfy any man's desire for knowledge, experience and hot fantasy. Join our family. ■



## MALE CALL

Dear Editor,

Issue #171 of *DRUMMER* was the hottest I've seen - thanks to having its pages graced by super hunk, Trent Reed. I have enclosed a fan letter to him. I will be extremely grateful if you can forward it to him. Please do your readers a big favor and tell us more about Mr. Reed. Keep up the great work!

C.B.  
Atlanta, GA

Dear Trent Reed fans,

It is quite obvious from your flood of cards and letters that this hunk of manmeat met with your approval.

Given your pledges of lust and servitude, we have decided to surprise you with more of Trent. Keep your eyes peeled and hand greased, because he will be reappearing in an up-coming issue of *DRUMMER*.

MJW

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on the new design of your excellent magazine! I really like the professionalism and high

quality of the photos, layout and typesetting. *DRUMMER* looks like a leather version of one of the mainstream national newsmagazines (*TIME*, *NEWSWEEK*, et al). Keep it up!

At the recent Leatherfest IV in San Diego I ran into Graylin Thornton (Int'l. Mr. Drummer 1993) behind the very exciting *DRUMMER* booth, featuring an interesting twist on the old ring toss game. Graylin mentioned that you folks have really been very supportive of him and are interested in reaching out to people of color communities. I was playing with my computer the other day and wrote [a] piece. I have a number of ideas for future pieces dealing with the issue of S&M in people of color communities. You might be aware that there is considerable controversy and discussion within the black gay community, in particular, about S&M and leather sexuality.

I have become much more open in discussing my experiences as a gay man; as a black man; and as a black, gay man since I have embraced a part of myself that I once reviled as perverted. I have found a sense of empowerment in my leather world that has transfigured everything in my life. If I can share that sense of empowerment with others, particularly with other people of color who clandestinely pick up your magazine and are secretly yearning for

vindication and validation of their desires, then I would consider it my small contribution toward giving something back to the community. Your magazine helped me to come to terms with my S&M side and I hope to be able to reach others in like fashion.

Sincerely,  
D.L.P.  
Covina, CA

Dear D.L.P.,

We at *DRUMMER* focus on all our readers who identify with leather/SM/fetish. It is a community of inclusion and not about exclusion. Obviously, the greater "world" community still deals with imaginary boundaries which are violently real to innocent people. These boundaries are imposed primarily from ignorant thinking and fear. Much of this trickles down and has an effect on the leather community, showing up as discrimination of gender, race, fetish interests, "north/south" or "east/west" snobbery, and the list goes on.

The adage goes: *Actions speak louder than words.* May we all act responsibly, and compassionately for our fellow human beings, thus solidifying our own leather community.

MJW

Dear Master Editor,

MY GAWD!!! Leafing through the pages of *DRUMMER* 172, I became frozen with lust from the photos of Brad Hunt. HOT HOT HOT HOT! Get the point? It is really refreshing to see a "man" with body hair and a hunky body instead of some skinny, hairless fag with a perfect tan. Where have the

masculine men of the world gone to hide? I'm happy to say you have tracked one down.

Please, *DRUMMER*, don't stop!!

Gratefully,  
R.B.  
Austin, TX

P.S. Please send me another issue 172 right away. The pages are cemented together!



Photo by RVJ Studios



# MARCUS THE MERCILESS

BY MARCIS HERNANDEZ

For the second time in just a little over a year, the leather/SM community will be a big presence at the Stonewall 25 Celebration in New York City this June. Along with the athletic and cultural activities associated with Gay Games IV, it is safe to say that over a million people will gather to

celebrate 25 years of a long, long road which has yet to achieve its ultimate goal — gay liberation.

If you were at the March on Washington in April 1993, you can't help but remember the applause and admiration that greeted and was showered upon the thousands of people who comprised the leather contingent. In spite of what many conservative thinking people in our gay/lesbian culture may think about the leather/SM/fetish tribe, it cannot be denied that our accomplishments are well known. No need to beat the drums. We know what we're doing and we know how to do it. And a lot of non-leather folk are aware of it too.

Leather people were among the first to embrace the causes and needs of HIV-positive people. The advent of leather titles was the catalyst for leaders to take on immense responsibilities and work the hardest to try to provide for our brothers and sisters. And yet, we still hear the lament: "Why do we need title holders?"

During a recent interview, a well known author who for most of his life was associated with the leather/SM lifestyle and wrote many fictional and non-fictional books on the subject, stated, "If these leather leaders

and title holders were straight, they'd all be members of the Rotary Club." He further stated, "I don't even wear my leather anymore." While I was shocked to hear these proclamations, he reasoned that leather/SM and biker lifestyles no longer held the fascination it had for him when he was younger. He further admitted that the book that catapulted him to fame was really a humorous account of what he had done in his early youth as a hustler. The book made him an icon to countless men stranded in the abyss of America's heartland that is often thought of as American Vanilla.

The outlaw attitude he once had is apparent in this day and age to only a few seasoned leather men. While he made it clear he was not against the good deeds and fundraising leather men and women are accomplishing, he just didn't seem to fit in anymore. Understandable, to be sure. The life of leathermen into SM way back when and almost up to the AIDS crisis, was pretty much a closed society.

In those days, you had to "earn your leather" and breaking into the leather community was not exactly easy.

This is not to say leathermen of yesteryear were not sociable, but your allegiance to the codes and mores of the leather community had to be proven. Leather was not a fashion statement like it is to many these days; leather and all the disdain, real or imagined, heaped on the tribe was a source of pride because what people don't know, they fear — and leather and all it connotes, real or imagined, is still feared by many. I know this author truly loves his leather and the leather tribe. It just isn't the same as it was when he first got into it. The final chapter has not been written.

During the pre-judging at a recent major leather competition event, the judges asked a contestant what leather meant to him and how it fit into his philosophy of life. "To many," he said, "the idea out there these days is that 'whoever has the most toys, wins.' For me, that is not the case; for me it is 'whoever has the least regrets, wins' and if I should win this title, I will do the best I can to make my community, my city and my tribe, proud of me." There was little doubt of his sincerity. An attorney, well-educated, well-kept leather, a positive attitude and handsome looks, his demeanor and mannerisms made him an ideal candidate.

He didn't win the title he sought, but several months later, I encountered him in a leather bar in San Francisco. He had left his East Coast home and came to the city in which he felt he would feel the most comfortable with his chosen lifestyle. He confessed to being happier in San Francisco, and while he missed his lifetime friends and family, he was comforted in knowing he could jet home whenever he felt the pangs of homesickness.

The attitude of this man is not as rare as one would expect. After all, the few years we have on this earth should be comprised of accomplishing goals, being productive, being comfortable and enjoying as many things as we are capable of having come our way. His only discomfort was that younger leathermen he had met were not imbued with goals they should have; their attitude about leather was more fashion than lifestyle. They have no inkling of the accomplishments of their older brothers.

There's a lot of talk about "old leather" and "new leather"; younger men have not had to suffer the indignities, slurs and disposable society syndrome. Many younger men feel that the devil-may-care attitude of yesteryear was instrumental in the AIDS crisis we are all living with. Some feel cheated that they can't live like the older men used to. The younger leathermen are more quick to embrace leather women than were their predecessors. Yet, this inclusion has had a positive impact on older men. I could list hundreds

of points that younger and older leather men view differently. And this is not to say that everyone will come to full agreement about a lot of them.

The important thing is that many of these things can be resolved and many of them will be resolved. Many issues of disagreement or discontent are because of the failure to communicate with each other. The dialogue between the groups is not as forthcoming as one would expect when there are points of non-agreement.

When push comes to shove, it does not seem unreasonable to hope and feel it will all be resolved someday and that the leather community, men and women alike, will stand together. Unity is a nice, idealistic word to use. It sometimes gets tiresome hearing it used over and over; I prefer to think that family is a unifying state more often than not and so, standing together as a family is more palatable.

So when you're marching, partying and celebrating in New York City at the Stonewall 25 Celebration, or competing in Gay Games IV or performing at the cultural events,

MERCILESS  
WITH A  
COUPLE OF  
LEATHER  
BUDDIES.



Photo by Robert Puzan



Photo by Robert Puzan



Photo by Audrey Joseph

THE LEATHER  
CONTINGENT HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN A  
DOMINANT PRESENCE  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
PROMOTING GAY  
LIBERATION.



remember, you're standing together as a family, whether in leather or athletic gear or in the garb suitable to your cultural pursuit. There can be little doubt in the minds of those who would deny our equality and our fundamental rights, that nothing can stop us from achieving our goals. Maybe not in your lifetime or my lifetime, but knowing we did our best boils down to what that leather man said in his statement before a panel of judges, "Whoever has the least regrets, wins."

There can be no regrets about achieving goals that are supposed to be our fundamental rights. Hopefully our non-leather brothers and sisters will come to this realization and soon. As for the leather tribe, we welcome all who do not understand us — we can communicate and we will. The disdain and castigation we have endured from those in our own sub-culture because of our lifestyle is regrettable, but it is explainable. Without apology. We welcome all inquiries and we offer all who would, to join us.

## EVENTURES FOR LEATHER PEOPLE

It takes a lot to be all things to all men. It would appear that having a leather store that means all things to all of leatherdom and its many sub-cultures would be difficult as well. Not so with Richard Hunter, the proprietor of Mister S/Fetters USA in San Francisco and, now a branch store at The Lure in New York City.

Richard makes it look easy and now that so many people are getting into latex, the addition of latex manufacturing to the 4-floor complex in San Francisco is welcome news to those men and women of that persuasion. Furthermore, video production is in the works and still Richard and his staff maintain a calm, cool attitude and many of his staff members manage to get involved with social activities and fundraising. Your next visit to San Francisco should include at least a few hours checking out the vast inventory on the premises. Besides the Mister S/Fetters complex, there are several other stores with unique offerings. It's mind boggling.

With the focus on New York City including Gay Games IV and the Stonewall 25 Celebration the latter part of June, hundreds of thousands of our people will be in "the Big Apple" for one or both of those major events. Leather pride pins with the New York City skyline made their appearance as early as April.

For the leather/SM crowd, a plethora of activities will bring the tribe together for a celebration of gay liberation which ostensibly began with the Stonewall riots. The list is so long, there's not enough room here to list them all, but a few in New York and other places might interest you:

**June 10-12:** San Francisco's oldest SM group, The 15 Association, stage their Boot Camp 6 weekend at Camp Cicada in the Sierra foothills some 25 miles from Sacramento. The site encourages privacy, open-air SM, freedom of dress (or lack thereof) and sexual expression. There is a fully equipped discipline/play space in an enclosed tent, in-

sect-proof platform tents, mattresses, meals, as well as hot showers. Bring your toys and equipment for all the fun and games as well as swimming, hiking, fishing and rafting. The weekend is limited to 44 "recruits." \$150 for members or \$170 for "recruits." Write: The 15 Association, PO Box 421302, San Francisco, CA 94142 or call (415) 673-0452.

**June 18:** San Francisco's Phoenix Uniform Club present their 3rd Annual Uniform & Leather Ball in the stately Green Room of the War Memorial Building from 1900-2300, the night before the City's big Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade. The Uniform & Leather Ball will be featuring the acclaimed City Swing big band and Ms. Gail Wilson, San Francisco's Entertainer of the Year. Attendees will be surrounded by uniforms galore, catered to a gourmet buffet and still more uniforms for only \$35 advance, \$45/door. Call (415) 995-4770 or write: Phoenix U/C, PO Box 31699, San Francisco, CA 94131.

**June 23-26:** The International SM/Leather Celebration will happen at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in New York City. Make reservations by calling (800) 233-1234. The celebration itself costs \$60 for all events including a barber, bootblack, workshops, steel bondage exploratorium, hospitality suites, and vendors. The leather dance alone is \$20. Inquiries are offered at: Leather Celebration '94, 332 Bleecker St. Suite 452, New York, NY 10014.

**June 23:** The International Deaf Leather Contest at Club 58, 40 East 58th St. NYC, is only \$10. Charge it to your VISA/MC/AMEX by calling (415) 626-3556 or (212) 644-9494. This year's event will be Emceed by Philip Rubin.

**June 24:** Pleasuredome, Fantastic Realities Unlimited, in association with *Drummer* magazine, present "Come Together," a mammoth disco party for leather people at The Octagon, 555 West 53rd St. in New York City starting at 2200. "Come Together" (#1) was so popular at the March on Washington last year, a huge demand has reprised this extravaganza. \$15 advance or \$20 at the door. Call (415) 626-3556 for charging tickets.

**July 10:** A Spanner Defense Fund benefit called "Spannermart" will be produced by Joseph Bean and Peter Fiske at The Women's Building in San Francisco. Sponsoring groups are The 15 Association, Janus Society, Outcasts and Venus Inferis. Part flea market and part county fair, you will find crafts, booths, tattooing, etc. The benefit takes place from 1300-1700 for only a \$5 donation. Call (415) 673-0452 for details. Donations may be forwarded to Joseph Bean by calling (415) 863-7764 or bring them into Mr. S/Fetters.

**July 14-17:** Mr. Western Canada Drummer Contest will take place in Calgary, Canada, sponsored by C.L.U.B. Calgary. Details are forthcoming.

**August 18-24:** The Wasatch Leathermen MC of Salt Lake throw their 10th Anniversary weekend run, Falcon Flight. The cost is \$80 per person for this decade celebration. Contact: Wasatch LMC, PO Box 1311, SLC, UT 84110 or call (801) 575-6453. ■

## EMERSON BRINEY

INTERNATIONAL  
MR. DRUMMER 1992  
1963 — 1994

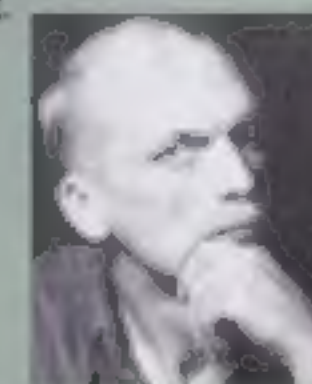


A noticeable void has been left in the Leather community by the passing of Emerson Briney on April 24th. Holding the titles of Great Plains Drummer and then International Mr. Drummer 1992, Emerson utilized the position to vocalize more awareness for leather/SM, women's health issues and gay rights. Never one to mince words, he was perceived as outspoken, brash and tenacious. These are not negative terms, for he accomplished much within what he considered important issues. Through his extensive travels, he won the hearts and respect of many people, hence the hundreds of speaking engagements throughout the US, and most recently the only male judge at IMSL '94.

We at *Desmodus* acknowledge him for furthering the *DRUMMER* image and for leaving an indelible impression on the greater Leather community. In lieu of flowers, donations in his name may be forwarded to the NLA, International, the Turtle Creek Corral, and the Nebraska AIDS Project.

## JOHN PRESTON

AUTHOR / EDITOR  
1945 — 1994



Most likely considered one of the most productive authors in contemporary gay literature, John Preston passed away on April 27th. Author, editor, teacher and brilliant public speaker, Preston truly inspired a whole generation of gay men with positive role models. He left many of us with the belief that all gay men deserved a place in the world as well as in literature. His college studies were done at Lake Forest College in Chicago, University of Minnesota Medical School (Human Sexuality), United Theological Seminary and Northwestern Lutheran Seminary. He was the founder of Gay House, Inc., the first gay and lesbian community center in the US.

Most well-known for his novel, *Mr. Benson*, this book, which was serialized in *DRUMMER*, launched his writing career and made him a cult hero. Preston has published over two dozen gay-themed books and has written for almost every gay-oriented magazine in the US and Canada as well as several in Europe. Preston's articles also appeared in a number of main-stream, straight periodicals. His writing genre was wide ranged including pornography, adventure series, novels, SM classics, sex manuals, anthologies and self-help books.

John Preston was an activist for gay rights and AIDS awareness. He spoke publicly, delivered keynote addresses, and has published a number of works revolving around the subject of AIDS.

Preston's contribution to the gay/leather/SM communities will surely last for many generations to come. His impact on the greater world community has left its mark. ■



# Safe Sex Posters Fall Down in Amsterdam

At the end of 1992, the Amsterdam city council toyed with the idea of closing down all dark rooms, supposedly to put a stop to unsafe sex among gay men. The gay community in general, but especially leathermen, were outraged by this proposal to interfere in people's personal sex habits. After a few months of

fierce discussions, the alderwoman responsible for the proposal reached a compromise with the gay community. This deal required the gay community to launch a new safer-sex campaign focused on the men who frequented back-room bars, saunas, and other locales where anonymous public sex took place.

One of the health organizations, GVO, took on this task. Last year, they started a "pinup" poster campaign. But the new project was hampered from the beginning by controversy. There were complaints that too many of the posters focused on the leather scene instead of the more mainstream

or vanilla parts of the gay community. Some community members were also upset about the fact that the new posters were presented every month by prominent drag queens. These individuals have been long-time activists for safersex; but their presence virtually guaranteed that leathermen ignored their message.

This controversy eventually led to the free gay newspaper, *Trash in the Streets*, refusing to print any more interviews about the "pinup" poster campaign. Questionnaires were distributed with the release of the fifth poster, and they reportedly reflected a negative community response. Several volunteers have allegedly left GVO, discouraged and upset by this failure.

It is not clear what, if any, action will be taken in the future to educate darkroom patrons about protecting their health. ■

## EUROPEAN NEWS

BY JACQUES HAPPE

### Amsterdam Main Events

The tourist season in Amsterdam always starts with Easter. On this holiday, everyone crawls out of their dungeons, sheds their winter funk, and starts the spring and summer hunt for sex and camaraderie.

The most important day of the year for the inhabitants of this friendly town is, of course, Queensday! On April 30, the people of Holland celebrate Queen Beatrix and the whole royal family. The entire nation seems to visit Amsterdam on this one and only day, which falls on a Saturday this year. Everyone will be strolling, shopping, eating, and passing the time with friends. During the day, the most important location for leathermen is the Amstel. In the past, the leather crowd used to hang out in bars like the Monopole and Company. But they return to this spot for one day a year. If you think a lot of beer, happy crowds, and gorgeous guys sounds like a holiday, come join us!

Between June 15 and June 25, Amsterdam will host the third Europride event. This huge celebration has been held in London and Berlin in previous years. Herds of European gay men and lesbians will gather in the gay capital of Europe to celebrate their unity.

On Saturday, June 18, Europride will host a huge leather party on an island. Over 1,000 men into rubber, uniforms, latex, and leather are expected to attend. This will be the biggest leather party Amsterdam has ever seen. Tickets will cost only 25 guilders. During the daytime, the Amsterdam Motor Sportsclub will organize a male and female bike run like the May 1 Oranjerally.

The gay parade on Saturday, June 25 will be the climax of the Europride festivities. Start making your own float, organize your own music band, train a synchronized whip drill team, and be a part of this fabulous parade.

The second weekend of September will mark the third time that the Gay and Lesbian Association Amsterdam (GALA) weekend will be held, including parties and cultural events. Last year's GALA Weekend included The Factory Party, a great leather event which we hope will be repeated this year.

Don't forget the last events of the year, Christmas and New Year's Eve. Everyone goes out, the streets are busy, and by midnight the holiday spirit is overwhelming. You haven't celebrated New Year's Eve until you've rung in the new year in Amsterdam.

Even if you can't manage to be here during one of the big, scheduled gay events or holidays, this beautiful and friendly city has enough to offer to guarantee you a pleasant stay. So don't hesitate to pack your hottest gear and come make your mark (or flaunt a few) in one of the oldest leather communities in the world. ■





# UNITED STATES CALENDAR JUNE

3RD Anniversary Run  
Stars MC  
Albany, NY  
Northway Inn  
For info call Paul 2  
(518) 433-0901

3-5

Mr. DC DRUMMER Contest &  
Dungeon Dance  
Washington DC  
Info: (301) 297-7535

Nipple Night  
Buffalo Fetish/Leather Organization  
The Back Pocket @ (716) 886-8135  
Buffalo, NY

4

GMSMA  
ANNUAL MEMBERS  
MEETING  
NYC  
More info call:  
(212) 727-9878

8

Hanky Code Night  
Ottawa Knights  
The Cell Block  
@ (613) 237-XTRA  
Ottawa, Ontario,  
Canada

9



Intl. SM-Leather-Fetish Celebration  
Leather Celebration '94  
NY, NY  
Grand Hyatt Hotel @ (800) 233-1234  
\$75 before May 1, \$90 at the door  
For Celebration info call GMSMA @ (212)  
727-9878

JUNE 23  
Deal Intl. Leather Contest  
Club 58  
NYC, NY  
Info: (212) 633-9494

23-26

7th Anniversary,  
"Lucky Seven"  
Firedancers L/LC  
Dallas, TX  
Info: (214) 352-8501



Boot Camp VI  
15 Association  
SF, CA  
Call (415)  
673-0452  
for info

10-12

17-19  
San Francisco  
Lesbian/Gay Pride  
Weekend  
SF, CA

JUNE 18  
3rd Annual Uniform & Leather Ball  
Phoenix MC of SF  
San Francisco, CA  
Info: (415) 995-4770

17-19  
Acorn VII Run  
The Oberons  
Milwaukee, WI  
Info: (414) 744-0510

17-19

GMSMA  
BODY MODIFICATION:  
ADORNMENTS OF THE  
MODERN TRIBE  
NYC  
More info call:  
(212) 727-9878

22

The Butch Ball  
Irving Plaza  
NYC, NY  
Info: (212) 869-4490

24

15 Assoc. Play Party  
SF, CA  
(415) 673-0452

Hartford Colts Bar  
Night - The Quarry  
Springfield, MA  
Info: (413)  
734-8123

25

Stonewall 25  
International March  
and Rally  
NY, NY

26

Golden Fleece Run XXII  
Rocky Mountaineers MC  
Denver, CO  
Write: PO Box 2629, Denver, CO  
80201



JUNE 30-JULY 4



## INTERNATIONAL CALENDAR

EUROPRIDE LEATHER PARTY  
1,000+ people and bike run  
Amsterdam, Holland

UK Pride, London,  
England. For info:  
+44 71 7387644

Deviation: Real SM  
The Anvil, London, England  
Info:  
+4471-407-0371

3

Sadie Masie Club Night  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

Glory Hole at  
Central  
Station's  
Underground  
London, England

23

VSSM  
Afternoon's  
Fun  
The Boss  
Rijswijkseweg  
536, Den Haag  
Holland

Jack Off Party  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven,  
Holland  
Info: +3140-  
44-2744

24

SM Night  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven  
Holland

Deviation:  
Real SM Night  
The Anvil  
London  
England

A Men's Club  
Summer Party  
For info:  
+4586-19-1089  
Aarhus,  
Denmark

EUROPRIDE  
PARADE  
AND  
MANIFESTATION  
Amsterdam  
Holland

SM Night  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven,  
Holland

The Glory Hole  
Raunchy Club  
at Central Station's  
Underground  
London, England  
Info:  
+4471-278-3294

Army & Uniform  
Weekend - Boots  
Antwerp, Belgium

Leather/Rubber/  
SM Cellar Party  
Boots  
Antwerp, Belgium  
Info:  
+3203-  
233-2136

Kumpeltreffen  
LFRR Essen  
Essen  
Germany

Nuit Demonique  
ASMF Paris  
Paris  
France

EUROPRIDE  
Amsterdam  
Holland  
For info: +31 20  
6890279

Sadie Masie Club Night  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

SM in the Cellar  
The Boots, Antwerp  
Belgium

Spanking & Golden  
Shower  
Vagavuur, Eindhoven  
Holland

Black Leather Night  
The Eagle  
Stuttgart,  
Germany

10

11

JUNE



JULY

CALENDAR

JULY 3  
Stars & Stripes in  
Leather 4  
Greensboro, NC

JULY 1-3

JULY 4  
Manopasa Belle Boat Cruise - Spearhead  
Toronto, Ontario, CANADA  
Call: (416) 925-XTRA x2054  
Fireworks show, dance & buffet

Red, White and Blue  
Night  
Buffalo Fetish/Leather  
Organization  
The Back Pocket @  
(716) 886-8135  
Buffalo, NY

Red Ribbon Night  
Ottawa Knights  
The Cell Block @  
(613) 237-XTRA  
Ottawa, Ontario,  
Canada

Pacific Men  
Conference  
Kalanu Honua  
by the Sea  
For Registration/info  
(800) 800 6886



1-3

2

9

10-17

Club Summit '94  
Long Island Ravens MC  
Valinor Farms, PA  
Info: (516) 298 4615

Mid Atlantic Drummer  
Contest  
Baltimore Eagle  
Baltimore, MD  
For info: (410) 823-2453

SLA Leatherfest 1994  
Serra Inn & The Wreck  
Room  
Sacramento, CA  
Info: (916) 863 3398

9th Anniversary Dinner  
Hartford Colts, Hartford, CT

15 Association Play

Lock Up Run  
The Officers Club  
Little Rock, AR

Tri-Club Invasion  
Centaurus Ullica Tri's  
Spearhead Ullica NY

Natl Asso Black/White Men Together  
Convention, Sheraton National Hotel  
Arlington, WASH DC  
For info call  
(800) 624-2968

Hartford Colts Bar  
Night  
The Quarry  
Springfield, MA  
Info: (413)  
734-8123

15-18

16-24

23

INTERNATIONAL  
CALENDAR

American Weekend  
Severn Link MSC

Sadie Masie Club  
Market Tavern  
London, England  
Location: Market Tower 1 Nine  
Elms Lane, London SW8

Rubber Party  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44-2744

Men &amp; SM Play Afternoon

VSSM Night  
Den Haag, Holland  
Location: Rijkswijkweg 536  
Den Haag

25th Anniversary Party  
Amsterdam, Holland

Deviation: Real SM  
The Arnel  
London, England

"Tyger-Tyger" - Club Night  
for Pierced/Tattooed Men &  
Women  
Market Tavern  
London, England  
Location: Market Tower 1  
Nine Elms Lane, London SW8

MSC Rote Erde  
Market Tavern  
London, England  
Location: Market  
Tower, 1 Nine Elms  
Lane, London SW8

Black Leather Night  
The Eagle  
Stuttgart, Germany  
Info: +49 771 640 6183

Golden Shower Party  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44 2744

Glory Hole at Central  
Station's Underground  
London, England  
Info: +4471

Golden Shower Party  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44 2744

Sadie Masie Club  
Market Tavern  
London, England  
Location: Market Tower, 1  
Nine Elms Lane, London SW8

25th Birthday of RMC  
London, England

MC Rurais  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44-2744

VSSM Play Afternoon  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44-2744

VSSM Play Afternoon  
RVSH Building  
Rotterdam

Deviation: Real SM  
The Arnel  
London, England  
Info: +4471-407-0371

Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44-2744

MSC  
London, England

The Arnel  
London, England  
Info: +4471 407 0371

Finlandization  
MSC Finland

Special Night  
Vagavuur  
Eindhoven,  
Info: +3140

Market Tavern  
London, England  
Location: Market Tower 1  
Nine Elms Lane London SW8

Jack Off Party  
Scat Party, Vagavuur  
Eindhoven, Holland  
Info: +3140 44-2744

The Glory Hole  
Ranchy Club at Central  
Station's Underground  
London, England  
Info: +4471 278 3294

JULY



## TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

BY DYRK



HAZING IS JUST A FUN WAY FOR "STRAIGHT" MEN TO FLICK GUYS. THE MEN IN *BIKE GANG* DON'T NEED ANY EXCUSES.

# Drum

**P**ornographers and gay business people have been very busy during the last few months producing all kinds of material which I have managed to get my grubby little hands on. This month there seems to be an inordinate amount of reading materials to review



I WONDER IF ANY OF THESE "LEATHERMEN" HAVE EVER SEEN (LET ALONE USED) ONE OF JANETTE HEARTWOOD'S WHIPS?

To call the second edition of Janette Heartwood's Whip Catalog a mere marketing tool would do it an injustice. Within the 68 page booklet, Janette takes the reader on a journey of whip lore and encyclopaedic information. Her writing is done in a style which is conversational and personal, allowing the reader to go away from this piece believing a relationship now exists between the two.

Specifically, Janette goes into great detail describing the





variety of whips, floggers and paddles as well as the different leathers and other materials which may go into their construction. She also gives a personal account of whips she has known and loved and some of the people for whom she has had the pleasure of creating whips. Finally, Janette has included two reprints of our very own articles which appeared in *DungeonMaster* and *Sand-Mutopia Guardian*. The first is an article by Gayle Rubin, "Milestones of Modern Whipmaking," which ap-

A.F. Gillitt, c/o PK, PO Box 487, Boston, MA 02134-0004

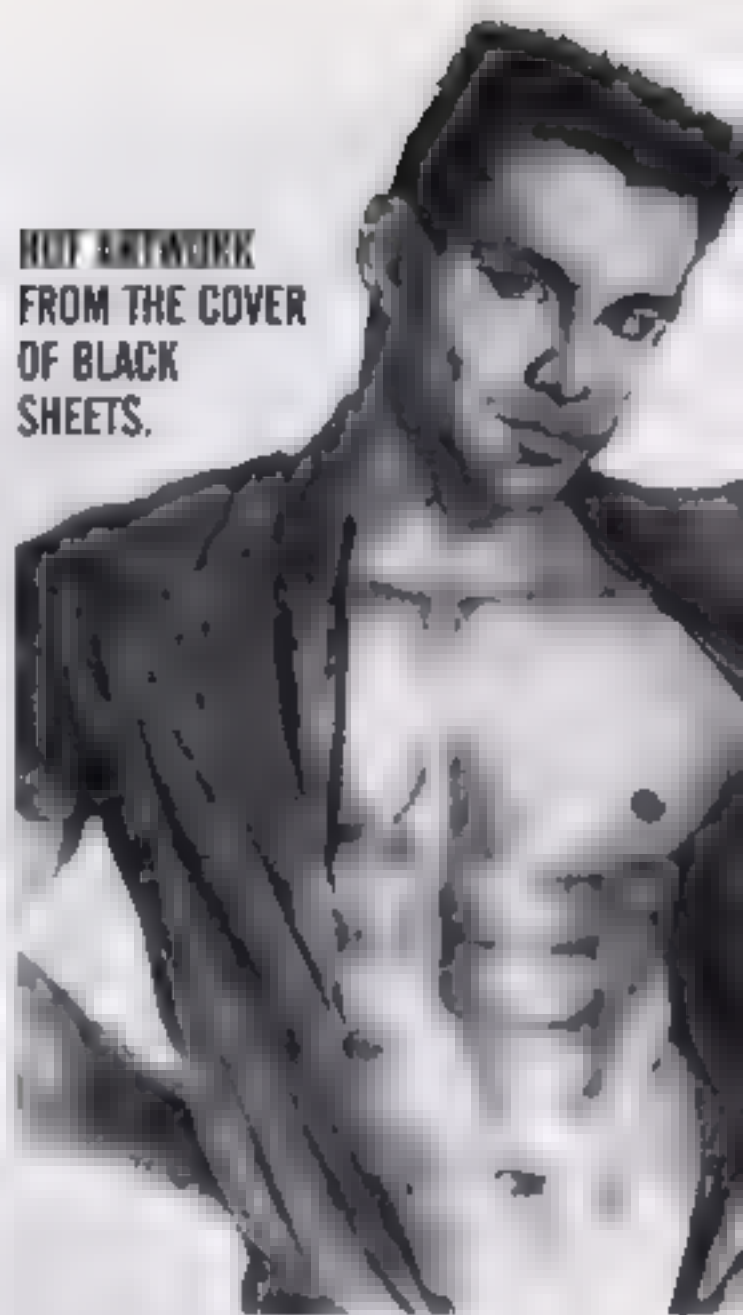
*Black Sheets* is a sex-positive zine which focuses on different themes in each issue. Issue 1 featured spirituality, Issue 2 is filled with "Sleaze" and Issue 3 (due to be published soon) will focus on sex and family values. Some of the features in Issue 2 include "Is It Sleaze?", a humorous test to help readers determine just how sleazy their latest sexual encounter was; "How to Have a Safer Sex Party,"

a well-written and easily read compilation of rites of passage, tests of young mens' abilities and interest to endure physical abuse, pain and humiliation in order to become members of an elite, a fraternity, a team, the inner circle of a tribe

Edited by Bob Wingate, renowned chronicler of the male sexual underground, with a forward by John Beatty, Professor of Anthropology at Brooklyn College, *Hazing* explores that secret world of dominance and submission where young men blur the line between sexuality and abuse.

The book sells for \$12.95 and can be ordered through The Outbound Press, Inc., 89 Fifth Avenue, Suite 803, New York, NY 10003

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# MODa

peared in *DM #48* and the other is a long out of print piece by The QuarterMaster, "Fundamentals of Flagellation" from *SG #5*

All in all this is a must for anyone who is in the least bit interested in whips, whipping or the whipmakers. It is a bargain at \$6 (\$8 outside the US) and orders should be sent to: Heartwood, 412 N Coast Hwy., #210, Laguna Beach, CA 92651

## ZINE SCENES

Two fledgling publications have recently published their second editions - *The Polished Knob* and *Black Sheets*

*The Polished Knob* is a 8 1/2" x 5 1/4" format featuring an interview with (who else?) Donnie Russo, poetry by Greg Spector and Mitzel, true sex experiences (some of which were so hot I broke a sweat), travel tips by Chris Lord and more. To get a copy send \$3 for one, or \$12 for a four-issue subscription to

a fun but earnest piece by Bay Area sex educator Carol Queen; "Making Amends," by Paul Reed, which takes the reader into an all-male sex club and into the mind of an HIV-positive man wrestling with safer sex issues; and reviews of five other sex-positive publications including two lesbian sex zines. *Black Sheets* is available directly from the publisher by sending \$6 payable to "The Black Book" for a single issue or \$20 for a four-issue subscription to: Black Sheets, PO Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131

## IT'S NOT SEX. IT'S JUST HAZING

That's the excuse for sexual encounters perpetrated by socially straight groups initiating new members in the first book from The Outbound Press, publishers of *Bound & Gagged* magazine. An anthology of true hazing tales, *Hazing* is

## TRUE STORIES. REALLY

I wish my true sexual stories were as filled with big-dicked and handsome hunks as the latest release from Hot House's Bullwhip Video, *True Stories*. All kinds of supposedly true letters from the Hot House files serve as the basis for this well made and sexually stimulating (albeit vanilla) video.

Stars of *True Stories* include Cliff Parker, Mark Baxter, Scott Baldwin, Jake Andrews, Sean Davis, Devyn Foster, Max Grand, Claude Jourdan and Dave Logan. The stories range from a good Samaritan tourist who returns a lost wallet then gets invited to join a fun-loving and open-minded couple in their afternoon tryst to a recalcitrant (and lazy) boyfriend who doesn't want to be bothered until his bodybuilder beau licks his butthole into a wide awake sexual frenzy.

To order write: Hot House Entertainment, PO Box 410990 #523, San Francisco, CA 94141-0990 and

## BODYBUILDER BOYS ABOUND IN BIKE BANG

The latest leatherish attempt in erotic video production is *Bike Bang* by Palomino Films. I say leatherish because while there is plenty of leather, I'm just not convinced many people in the video have ever worn leather for any other reason than to be in fashion. Now don't get me wrong, I did enjoy the video. It is filled with plenty of hot men doing some pretty fun stuff even if it is mild by some standards.

*Bike Bang* stars Clint Benedict, Aaron Austin, Tyler Scott, Alex Wild, Rob Cryston, Eric Thomas, Michael Parks, Karl Thomas, Vince Harrington, Max Blade and Hunter Scott. This two-hour video production has great videography and technical aspects which are partially attributed to the shooting of the video on Betacam SP

The storyline is actually a series of dream-like se-





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S.F. CA 94103



**RUSO DOMINATES & INTIMIDATES  
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LEAVE HIM**

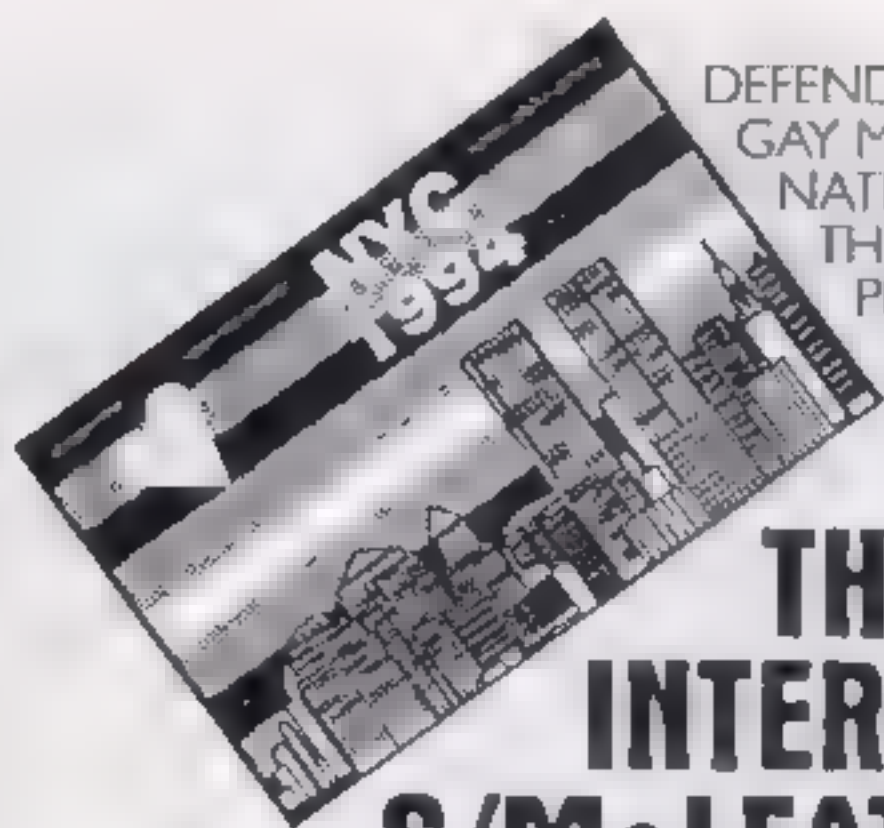
quences the first of which finds Hunter getting gang banged by a group of biker-types (Palomino style). Hunter ends up telling his friend Clint about the dream and then we segue into Clint's dream sequence. Clint tells another friend and the dreaming continues. The action is great fun for those of us who love watching all kinds of things going in and out of well-muscled butt-holes. Some of the more fun things include a shower shot enema, dildos, huge red ben-wah balls and an anoscope, not to mention fingers, tongues and big cocks.

To order send \$49.95 plus \$3.50 shipping and handling to: Palomino Films, c/o Champions Video of America, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., #37, West Hollywood, CA 90089 or call 1-800-487-7574.

Guess who stars in the BG Productions latest Jim Wigler video *Copsucker*? You guessed it - Donnie Russo. The actual copsucker is Scott Neely who is caught getting sucked off in an alley. Russo, the cop, exhibits some definite schizo straight cop tendencies ("I hate you cocksuckers. Now suck my cock!") when he arrests the very hot Neely. The action is perfect for those of you into cop scenes, verbal abuse and domination.

The 60-minute video retails for \$39.95 plus \$4.95 shipping and handling (California residents should add the usual 8.5% sales tax). To order write or call: BG Productions, 584 Castro, #395, San Francisco, CA 94114 or call 415-974-1995 in California or 1-800-320-6161 outside California.





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NEW YORK CITY

JUNE 23-26, 1994

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(9 blocks away, \$70-\$90, 800-742-5945),  
the Novotel NY (\$165, 212 315-0100),  
and the De Hirsch-YMCA (by cab or  
subway, \$40-\$60, 800 858-4692, ask for  
Alisa). In all cases, mention the Leather  
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## CONVERSATION WITH PETER FISKE

BY PAT CALIFIA

*On February 22, 1994, Drummer was privileged to speak with Peter Fiske, a long-time leather community member and leader*

### **Why did you want to do this interview?**

To celebrate 30 years in the leather community, dating back almost to the time when there really wasn't a leather community. I'm 48. When I was 18 and living in New York City, I discovered men in black leather jackets at the third balcony of the Empire Theatre on 42nd Street in New York City. That was where all the leather guys went to cruise. The Empire Theatre was one of those fleabags on 42nd Street that showed three films for 25 cents before 11 a.m., and starting about four or five in the afternoon you could pick somebody up. Only in the third balcony! There weren't any leather bars in New York. Even gay bars were shut down almost at the time they opened. It was pretty amazing. You saw guys there in full leather, chains on the left or on the right. That was a big chain era. And that's how I came out.

### **If there wasn't a community, how did people know how they were supposed to dress or what the etiquette was?**

It was all word of mouth. A couple of months before I came out, I saw a *Life* magazine article about leathermen in San Francisco. About this new breed of gay men who were not nelly, who were butch and wore black leather jackets and jeans and joined motorcycle clubs. People knew from James Dean and biker movies, Marlon Brando, they knew the look. But nobody was talking about SM in those days. It was leather.

There was very strong role-playing in those days that I find happily has gone. You were either a top or a bottom and there was no intermixture, no switching. Which doesn't reflect the reality of people's lives. I've changed from being a bottom at the very beginning for several years to being 90% bottom and then 10% top, then at one time it went as far as 10% and 90% the other way. Now it's closer to 50-50.

Just to give you an example of how things were then, at the age of 19, I was raped by a guy who took me way over my limits. I was scared off leather for six months because of this one person. Maybe things like that still happen, but probably a lot less often. You can say no now. You have a persona as yourself, not just as some bottom to be used by the top.

### **As a young man, how did this kind of isolation make you feel?**

It hurt. You almost feel like you're the only one. I left New York in 1966 because I knew there was a scene happening in San Francisco with leather bars and bike clubs, and it wasn't happening yet in New York.

### **I would imagine that the whole look of a scene and what you'd expect when you went home with someone was very different then.**

Oh, absolutely. For one thing, you really didn't know who you were going home with. It was a total crap shoot. You couldn't

even really ask around in the bar, it just wasn't done. There was no place to go to buy a whip or buy some good restraints. You might get hospital restraints, and a lot of guys had them. And sure, some guys had whips and other equipment, but it wasn't anything as interesting as today. I do remember doing a Relaxacisor scene back in the mid-'60s, and being so surprised at how wonderful it was.

### **You're always ahead of your time, Peter. So the scene in San Francisco was real different than it was in New York?**

I came to San Francisco in 1966, and I had to wait two months before I could go to the bars. The big bar then was the Tool Box, and as soon as I turned 21 I was able to go. And that was two months after I arrived here. And I joined a bike club within three months. It was called the Koalas.

### **Cult.**

Koalas were cute and cuddly little bears. They were a buddy riding club. You were not allowed to have a motorcycle. You rode on the back of other people's motorcycles from the other clubs. So we were a club of a lot of bottoms. The few tops who were Koalas were always waiting to get a bike so they could get into another club like CMC. A year after I was in the Koalas, I was asked to leave. In 1969, there was an award show put on by a well-known drag guy in San Francisco, Carol Andre. The Koalas were nominated for best show on a club run, and won. I hadn't gotten permission from the club, but I went to the show because he was a friend of mine and accepted the award. I was wearing my overlay at a show done by a drag queen, and so I was actually asked to leave the club.

### **Bumped out of the Koala Corps. Oh, that's appalling.**

That's the sort of thing that went on in the good old days. Actually, the club fell apart within a year anyway over the issue of wearing uniforms. On any special occasion, you had to wear wheat-colored Levi's and a leather jacket and an overlay or, on certain occasions, a Levi's jacket and the club overlay. You were even supposed to wear a certain kind of black leather boots. Not too tall, not too short.

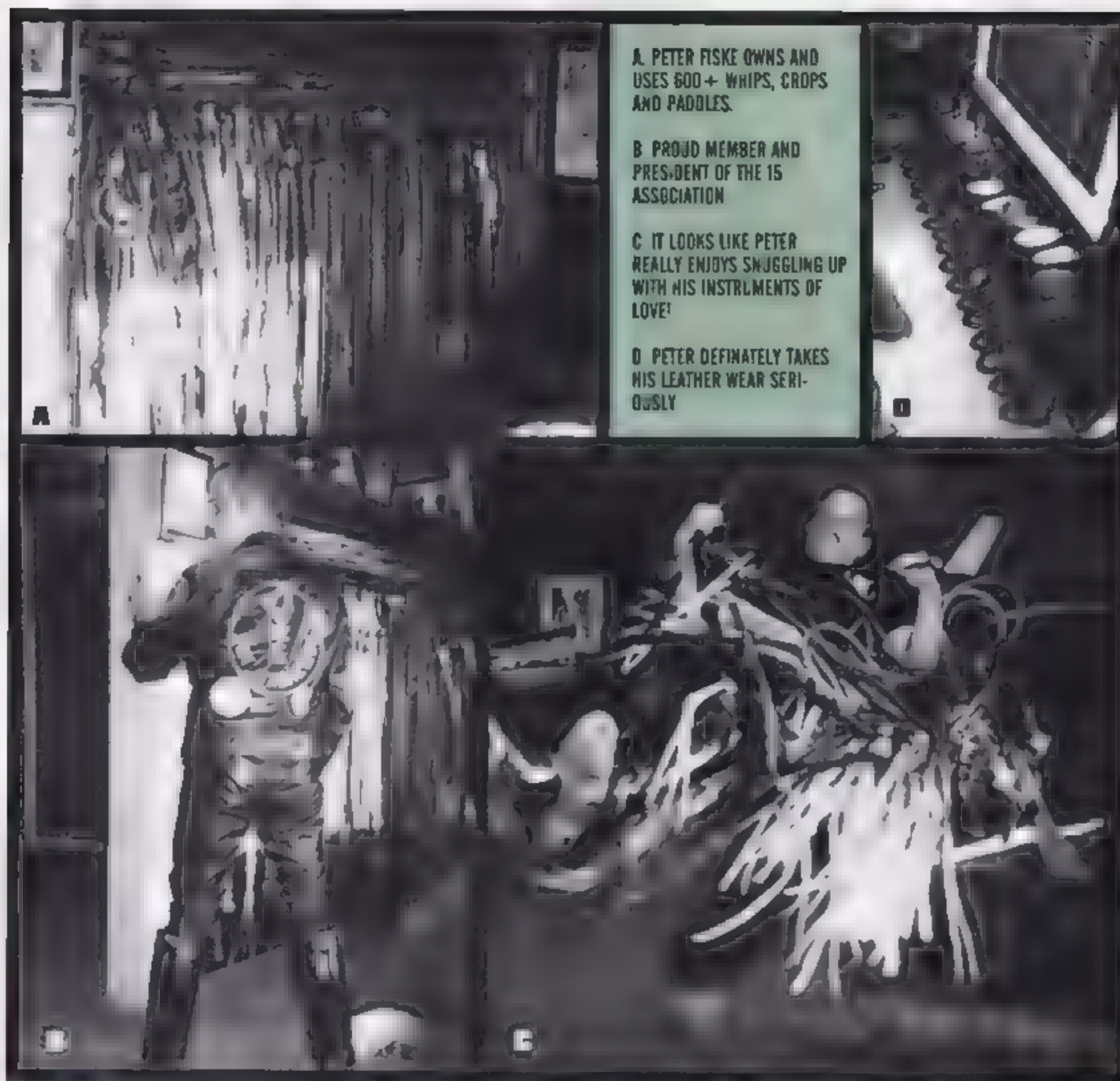
### **Can you describe the Tool Box? What was it like to**

That famous mural that was in *Life* magazine was just incredible. And the ambience was very cruisy. You could pick somebody up and you could go home. There were a couple of bathhouses, but there weren't any leather people in the bathhouses in San Francisco in the '60s. I can remember going home with—well, you know, at the age of 21, you're a new face in town. I did just fine. But there was some sense of community already in the bike clubs and the bars. You could depend on the community for information at least. And for support. If somebody had a motorcycle accident, there'd be a benefit. Occasionally people had legal problems around SM in the late '60s in San Francisco. It was not necessarily as okay as it is today. But there was very little interface with the general gay community. There was a lot of attitude between, say, sweater fairies as we called them and leather queens as they called us. And drags. Not to mention between men and women. It would have been unthinkable for a gay woman to come into a men's leather bar in the '60s. Thank God we've gotten beyond that.

### **So there was a huge change again in the leather community at some point in the '70s?**

There was a big change in the late '60s with flower power and drugs and the coming of the bathhouse scene, and then finally with Stonewall and what we called then gay liberation. I want to talk about Stonewall because I was there.





In 1968, this community was just too much with the flowers in your hair and drugs in your mouth. So I went back to New York, where there was a developing leather community. There were leather bars—Danny's, and I think there was The Stud. They were by the docks, and the docks were very busy in the late '60s and through most of the '70s.

There were also dance clubs. One of the dance clubs that I went to was Stonewall. There's this perception in the gay community that Stonewall was filled with drag queens. But there were not only drag queens there, there were leather people there, there were women there, there were young, good-looking people who just wanted to dance. And all those people took part in Stonewall. I used to go to Stonewall and wear a leather jacket. I won't say there were a lot of us, but there were certainly more than a few. I'd like that contribution to be remembered.

I was there the night of the riots, but I did not take part in the riots. The bust came down about an hour after I left to get in my car and come back to San Francisco. But it hit this town like a ton

of bricks, and people said if we can have such a thing as Stonewall, it means that gay liberation has arrived. Within one year, we had a gay pride parade in San Francisco which marched down Polk Street to the water at Aquatic Park. I think there were about 900 of us.

In the '60s, we said if you're going to San Francisco wear a flower in your hair. I'm telling people, if you're going to New York, wear some leather to the Stonewall Celebration and let them know that it's our celebration too.

**I think there's a tendency now to demonize the '70s as a terrible time when people just sort of ran riot.**

When you grab your freedom with both hands, there are going to be some excesses. What I don't want to see us do is give up our freedom because we're trying to deal with the health crisis. The '70s saw the start of men and women seeing themselves as one community. The '70s saw us grab onto more of a community than just bars or baths. *Drummer* was a big part of that. We had a



magazine of our own. We had movies of our own. We had famous people of our own. We became a community. I think we can date that to the middle '70s.

**I think whatever unity exists now among leather people of different genders and different sex orientations now was based on the fact that in that era, gay men had such a large leather community that they came from a very secure base. It wasn't threatening any more to have a woman friend or to go outside of that community.**

It was so established that you could then build it up. For instance, Hellfire Club in Chicago was started I believe in 1971, but I don't think they had their first Inferno until about 1975. And the first club here in San Francisco which I was involved in was started in 1978. It didn't work because of roleplaying, but then we came back and did it again in 1980 with The 15 Association, and here we are about to celebrate our 14th anniversary. There was enough freedom established that we could have an SM party that was listed as such and not worry about getting busted.

**Was that short-lived organization called The 15 or did it have a different name?**

I'm not even sure if it got to the stage of having a name. Five or six people got together and about the same number joined it in the first few months. At every meeting, the bottoms had to go down to the cellar and wait for the tops to come down and beat the shit out of them or tie them up and torture them in some way or other. But they were not allowed to talk, and they were not allowed to have any input in running the club. The bottoms revolted and just quit is what happened.

**Which all tops should remember bottoms could always do, even today!**

From the very beginning The 15 had open parties. You couldn't come to the club. You had to be invited. But it was pretty easy to get an invitation.

We've lost the bathhouse space, but the parties are actually better. Because they encourage safe sex. People can network there. There's learning from observing other people. The parties that have been held by various groups in most of the major cities all over the country are a very positive development.

**Do you want to mention any other organizational affiliations that you've had through the years?**

I've had a lot. I've been in the American Uniform Association for many years, although I'm not active. I've also been involved in the National Leather Association for many years. I just joined Gay Male SM Activists, and I think anyone going to Stonewall should join. I'm very proud of being chairman of The 15 Association for the third year. We've given monthly parties since 1984—the world's longest running regular SM party. I've been a Hellfire member since 1984, attended 10 Infernos, 11 including this year, and been program co-chair twice. I enjoy doing educational work. I've done programs for QSM, Janus, and Outcasts twice. Also many Inferno demos and one SMU weekend in Chicago.

You have to put something back into the community. Leather people have been in the forefront of doing that, as with the AIDS Emergency Fund, which was started by a bunch of leather guys from the Eagle, and is now a million-dollar-a-year charity and still has a leather base to it. Whether it's that or whether it's people who've taken titles and become slaves to the community for a year.

**And just because you don't have a title doesn't mean you don't have to get off your butt and go do something for a good cause.**

I want to see us reach out to other people. Don't be afraid of who you are. In the words of Harvey Milk, "Come out!" Let's

show people that we're all around them. Not only people in the gay community but people in the straight world. There are still major problems for our brothers and sisters into SM around this country and around the world. I'm going to put together a benefit to raise some money for the Spanner defendants. You shouldn't be put in prison because you like to get pierced or you like to get whipped. We have incredible power if we'll just use it.

**How do you feel about leather organizations that try to steer away from political causes like this?**

I can understand if they don't want to take an official position. But I don't understand if their members don't get involved. We've worked too hard, all of us, to back down now. If we lose it again, we'll be right back at square one where you don't even have a leather bar, you don't have any baths, you don't have any parties, you don't have any community, and people say you're perverts and put you in jail when you try to play.

**Do you think the goals of the community have changed since you came out?**

I'm not sure we even thought about goals back then. I think it was a struggle just to find a way to go home with somebody and for the neighbors not to find out. I think we do have a good set of community goals, to be more inclusive and more accepted by the general gay community and the general public. We're standing up for ourselves and saying you can't discriminate against us. Stonewall happened for us too.

We have the most wonderful people in the leather community. The people that I've met over the last 30 years have been an incredible joy. There's been a real sense of family which means nobody has to be a lonely person. I'd like to see that spread to other communities, whether it's St. Louis or New Orleans or Omaha or Des Moines.

**Peter, pretend I'm your fairy godmother. If you could change just one thing about today's leather community, what would that be?**

I would have us not deal with our health crisis. Just make it go away. And if we can't make it go away, my second wish would be for everybody to play safe—not just at a party when you're in public but at home too. Your life and your friends' lives depend on it.

**Do you have a second wish?**

I'd like to have a good pansexual Inferno where men and women, straights and gays, could go. Inferno isn't just the most intense play that we have, it's also such a close sense of family that it's almost like a religious order. I've described it as going down the rabbit hole into a leather/SM world where the rest of the world doesn't intrude. So I'd like to see that spread to more of the community. And for women also.

**In the past 30 years, the leather community has had a lot of growing pains. As an individual that's certainly been true for you too. So can you tell us a little bit about some of those struggles?**

I think in the beginning asserting my individuality. In the '60s, you couldn't really be a hippie and be into leather. And yet hippies were telling you that they were the most understanding and wild and whole new morality people. I wanted that acceptance. I even gave up going to the leather bars. And that was a difficulty because it wasn't me. Finally I came back to the community and decided that I could be both.

Then the roleplaying within the community was a great difficulty for a long time. My favorite bar in San Francisco was the No Name which then became the Bolt and then the Brig. I can remember going to the No Name bar in the early '70s, and I was not terrifically popular because I've always had a very high-



pitched voice. I struggled and struggled against it until I said, fuck it, I am the way I am and anybody who doesn't like it, there must be something wrong with him because I've got this voice since the day I was born.

Now, I think the biggest problem is the loss of a lot of our sexuality. We've had to pull ourselves in. We have to engage in safe sex. And for me as an older person there is the problem of sensuality versus sexuality. I find it very hard to combine a very hot and sensuous whipping scene, which I am infamous for, with real sex. I'm working on it, but it takes awhile.

**I've noticed at a lot of play parties that people can do almost everything except have sex.**

Well, I think they're afraid of falling into unsafe sex. We're all a little shell-shocked about sex. And we shouldn't be.

**I think it's also about intimacy. We're part of a community that finds it easier to draw blood than to kiss.**

That's true. The blood you can clean up, and the kiss you start to wonder what will it lead to. I do have trouble with intimacy, and I think a lot of people do. Even lovers. Whether it was in the '60s or the '90s, leather lovers have great difficulties after a certain period of time in keeping it hot and keeping the SM relationship. They're not necessarily compatible.

**Do you want to talk about your wildest SM scene?**

My wildest SM scene took place at Inferno 16. I submitted a fantasy to the fantasy committee.

**Oh, my God. You fool.**

I wanted to be in the middle of the compound on a St. Andrew's cross, shackled to it, wearing a football helmet and a kidney belt, and I wanted 100 strokes full strength from a 12-foot-long bullwhip. I had a specific person in mind by the name of Dick, who was there and agreed to do the fantasy. It was everything that I had ever expected it to be and more. To the point where I got a climax during that scene toward the end of it, but I didn't want to stop. I had marks that lasted for, well, I think some of them I may still have. I wanted them. And I'm happy with them. They're just like a nice tattoo. I came home from that Inferno three days later, and through a shirt and a light jacket, I bled into the airline seat. I had to go and get soap and water from the bathroom and wash it off before I could leave the plane. But it was the hottest scene.

**Now do you feel about your reputation, Peter?**

I think it's wonderful. As long as they spell my name right, I think it's glorious. At my stage in life, a reputation is an advantage.

**What happens when you do your ultimate fantasy?**

Then you get a new one.

**What's the one you?**

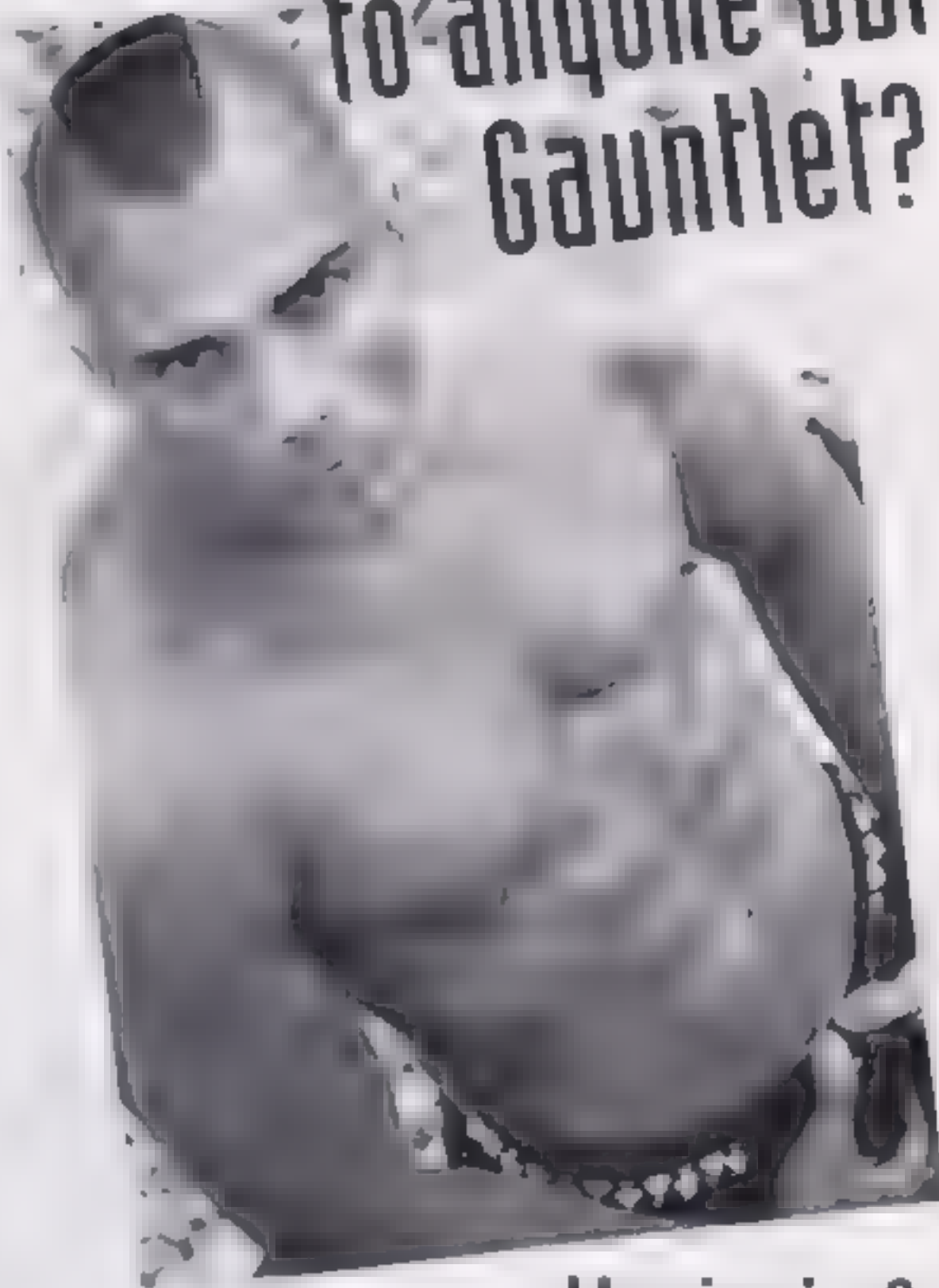
Oh, I'm not telling.

**Well, that answers the question, do you have any secrets?**

Yes, I do, and I'd like to keep them at the end of this interview!

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## Image and Ideology

### ROUGH STUFF

BY JACK RINELLA

The first time I ever heard my father refer to someone whom he thought was homosexual he called him a beatnik. The year was 1966 or thereabouts, certainly after the original beatniks had long left the Village, had been displaced in the media by flower children, and were probably well on their way to joining corporate America.

To this day, I can't recall Dad ever using the word gay, nor even the word homosexual. I told him I had a gay lover one afternoon while waiting for a plane to take me back home, but he chose not to hear me. He has a way with words, that way. Being deaf is his convenience, allowing him to make the world conform to his world view.

Not that it's a bad view. It's liberally pious, steadfastly friendly, and stubbornly his own way. He keeps his Italian temper well at bay and his handshake extended for everyone regardless of race, creed, national origin, and yes thank you, sexual preference.

He keeps his emotions well in check as well. In fact, one of the few times I've ever seen him choke up was when he told me that the neighbor's boy, age 28, had died of tuberculosis. I told him that it was probably AIDS-related and he said he knew that and it was a shame. He changed the subject quickly, but from that moment I knew he'd never have to use the word gay to let me know he loved me, even if I had beatnik friends.

It really is a matter of understanding words, isn't it? We humans try so many different ways to communicate, to express ourselves. Words, of course, are only part of the media. Clothes, gestures, even our intuition, all pass information between us. We rely on the printed word, the spoken word, the hand-written word, as well as sight, grunts, groans, and other "wordless sounds."

There are enough leathermen around to show the value of signs and signals. Hanky codes still mean something, not to mention the other myriad forms of dress and undress, glances

and poses that speak volumes. Hair is another media that speaks volumes.

Skinheads know that and use it to the hilt.

And therein lies their message and their mystery. Shaving, of course, is a fetish of its own. Not shaving, or rather long hair, is another fashion message.

Those are strange words for *Drummer* magazine. **Fashion statement** "What do you mean?" you think. It's almost tantamount to mortal sin, isn't

it, to think that leathermen follow fashion? Fashion or not, the statement is the essence of what's going on.

I think the skinhead look is hot-shaved heads with the masculine airs of defiance, Doc Martens boots, jeans, masculine symbols of anarchy, scoffing at the status quo.

I'm reading a book by its cover, just like my dad figuring that a guy was a beatnik because he had a ponytail. It's not that he talked to him to find out his viewpoint or attitude. He judged from



Photo by David S. G. Burns



what he saw. Likewise I say the look is hot, but I've never really met a skinhead, never gotten "under his skin."

There's a picture of 13 skinheads in a *TIME* magazine article. About half are bare-chested. They're all young, well-built. The picture could have just as well been from *The Leather Journal* with a cut line about some run or club get-together.

Like all skinheads, they're dressed a lot like leather men: black leather jackets or white T-shirts, thick-soled Doc Martens boots, tattoos. But can you tell these guys by their "covers?"

*TIME* magazine, August 9, 1993, has this to say about what's behind those smiling macho faces:

"Skinheads have murdered in every corner of the country. In New York in 1990, 29-year-old Julio Rivera was fatally stabbed and beaten with a hammer by three men connected with the Doc Martens Stompers because he was gay. In September 1992, three members of the American Front group fire-bombed the apartment of a black lesbian named Hattie Cohens and her roommate, a gay white man name Brian Mock, killing both."

The article continues, "In the late 1980's, propelled in part by youthful embitterment at the recession economy, the Nazi versions of the skinhead strutted through such cultural crossroads as San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. They attracted immediate attention for their coiffure, dedication to British Oil music, black Doc Martens boots and a ferocious appetite for violence—against blacks, gays and Jews."

Those skinheads are speaking volumes. It's a cultural and political statement, one in opposition to society in general, much like the message of beatniks, flower children, and war protesters of the past. Unlike those other protesters, though, it is racist, sexist, and violent.

So the look is hot, the violence not. How is it that younger gay men ascribe to the look? Where do we draw the line between image and ideology?

Leatherfolk may have more in common with skinheads than we think. The literature I researched about them shows a group united by style, camaraderie, and philosophy. They are separatists, listening to a different drummer, much in the same way that leathermen do.

They reject many of the norms of contemporary culture and defiantly

flaunt their differences. On the surface, if we only go skin deep, they appear to be no more than a group of tops and bottoms out for a good time. But that good time includes stomping strangers to death, fire-bombing the homes of foreigners, and spewing forth a creed of white supremacy.

But they look like us, even if there's a bit more punk to their style. We court violence as well, as we sport our whips, our crops, our chains. We wear tattoos of skull and crossbones, pierce our body parts, turn our slaves black-and-blue in our dungeons of pleasure.

Where do we draw the line? Wherein lies the difference between ourselves and neo-Nazi skinheads? What separates young gays sporting the look from those living the ideology?

I recently wrote a column about understanding different viewpoints. I am reminded of my words: "Our challenge is to respect the other's viewpoint and to understand our own well enough to communicate it to others while not letting it be a hindrance to hearing what others want to communicate to us."

Tolerance is an important quality, one which I try to exercise and which is thankfully found in the leather community. But can we, should we, tolerate hatred and bigotry?

I think not.

Skinheads have their right to admire Nazism, to claim an affinity to the superiority they erroneously postulate as their own. Likewise I have my right to dissent.

The skinheads' white racism represents the antithesis of the leather credo: it contains no consent, no safety, no sanity. I want it as no part of my leather community.

Pink triangles were Nazi-imposed signs that homosexuals were made to wear. In much the same way that skinheads have taken Hitler and the swastika as their signs, I've taken a symbol as well. My black leather jacket bears a small pin with a pink triangle on it.

So what gives? I am proud to be gay, homosexual, queer, a faggot, if you will. I will communicate that proudly, even if occasionally quietly (after all my pin is fairly small). Why can I use a Nazi-designed symbol? I wear it because it allies me with the oppressed. It is my solidarity with and support for the oppressed. By wearing it I set myself apart from the oppressor

“Wherein lies the difference between ourselves and neo-Nazi skinheads? What separates young gays sporting the look from those living the ideology?”

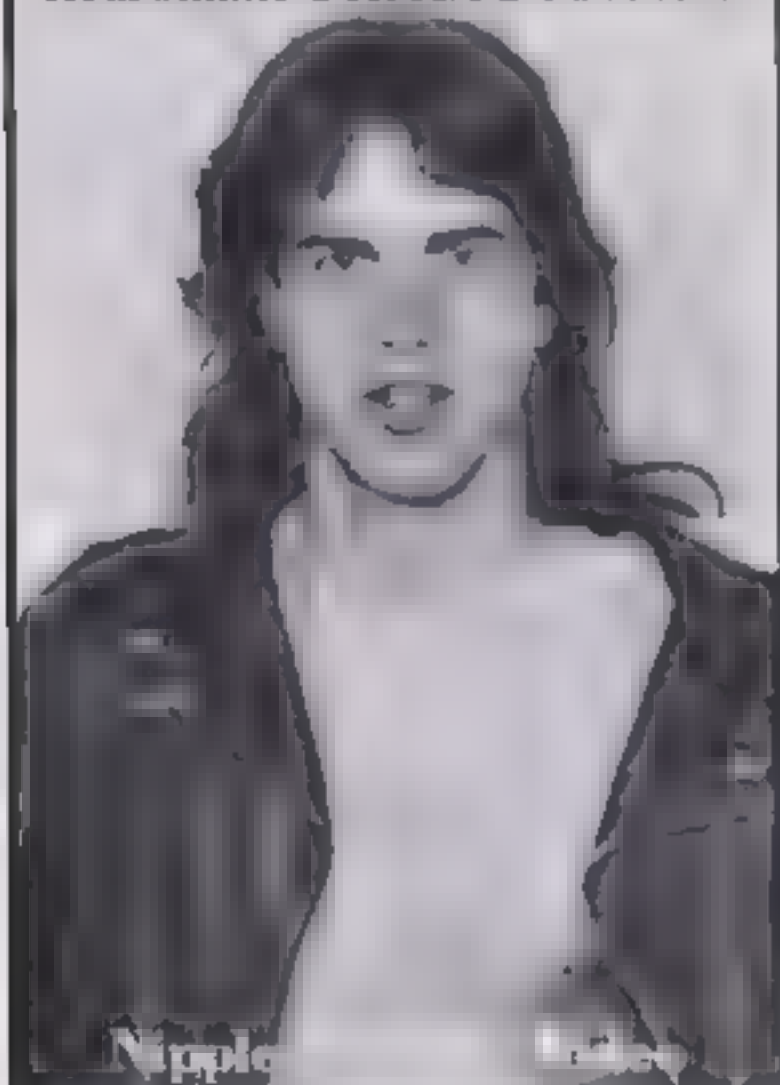


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I say in effect, that I am in no way aligned with his viewpoint and that I stand against it.

My wearing it means that the oppressor has no control over me, since I wear it freely and proudly. I have broken the power of his symbol and made it my own.

It wasn't too long ago that a reader found my writing offensive and complained to the publisher that I ought to be censored. Would I impose the same kind of treatment on a skinhead? No, he has a right to wear, think, and be whatever he wishes, within the guidelines that any right he exercises doesn't violate the rights of anyone else.

He has a right to think that he is superior, though I would remind him that such thinking is detrimental to his mental health. He has a right to wear signs of his supposed superiority. He has no right to violate others' rights by imposing his "superiority" on others.

This is strange talk from someone who's written a book on erotic dominance. Where then do we draw the line?

My friend Richard reminds me that SM fiction depicting Nazi sadism is both erotic and popular. People fantasize about torture as either giver or receiver. Occasionally one even sees a classified ad from a "Nazi" looking for a Jew, or vice versa. Is it all relative? Are the lines only of our own making?

I think not. Though any understanding of absolutes in this lifetime is beyond our ken, there are certain laws that appear to be inviolable. I am a libertarian, so my application of such "laws" is as a minimalist: the fewer the better. On the other hand I have learned to accept certain seemingly causal relationships. Violence, for instance, begets violence. The intention, the driving force of an action has as much to do with the result as does the energy itself.

Experience shows that I enjoy beating an ass, turning it red and then black-and-blue with a paddle, belt or whip. My friend Mike spent the better part of four days with the marks of a Saturday night he spent with me. How are they any different from the marks a skinhead might inflict?

To answer the question I have to make unfair assumptions about skinheads and I am reticent to do so. On the other hand, their communication is filled with white supremacist oppression. For the sake of discussion, then, I will take them at their

word. The differences are more than degree, they are of intention. I intend sexual gratification for the both of us, mutual feelings of pleasure, of empowerment. Mike and I both know from experience that the pain I inflict will bring him joy, bliss, alternate experiences of floating, of affection, of bonding, belonging, safety, and care.

He knows that my intentions are without malice, without meanness or superiority, that we are mysteriously joined in this "play," creating a scene filled with mutual consent, safety, and sanity. We recognize each other as equals, as co-creators of this alternate reality.

The power we feel is shared, not taken; the pain is inflicted with love, not hatred; we are equals, each freely giving to the other, neither superior, just different.

In thinking about this topic, I struggled to find an analogy. One can walk into a room full of people playing *euchre* and see exactly the same thing that one sees in a room full of bridge players: men and women sitting at tables playing cards. But the rules are different, the strategy different, the scoring is different. One might never see that, of course, unless one asked about the game that was being played and took time to understand the differences.

The same need for awareness applies in a leather bar. Not everyone in the building is into the same thing, thinks the same way, and has the same motives. Each is there for their own reason, communicates in his or her own way, and makes his or her own decisions.

Rough-appearing, head-shaven tops or bottoms look hot. The young gay skinhead type has adopted a particular kind of presentation, but without the anti-Semitic, homophobic attitude. This is their choice and I support it. Because of ideology, these gays are miles apart from their bigoted look-alikes.

Bigotry, though, says something else. Racism and sexism are credos that contradict leather as the leather community defines it. Don't put me or these young gay men in the same category with the man sporting a Nazi arm band and a swastika tattooed on his naked skull.

I suppose that would be hard to do to me anyway. After all, the triangle we wear says something entirely different. ■



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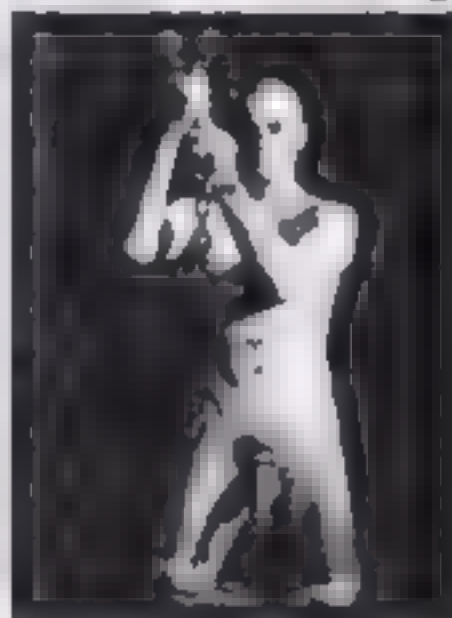
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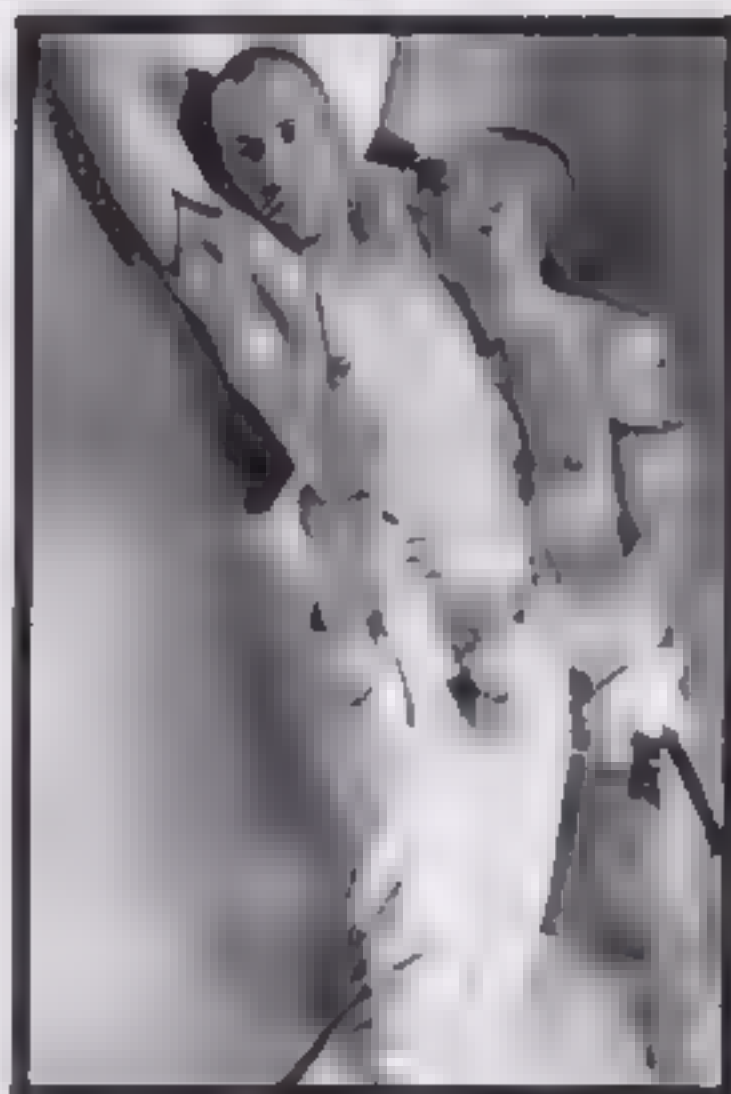




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# Master Kev



BY  
MARC CHARLES  
ILLUSTRATION  
BY BILL  
WARD

**N**o hair at all, stubbled scalp, no eyebrows. Just eyelashes and big eyes staring back at me. I gazed at the broken mirror on the wall and then down at my body. No hair anywhere. Nothing on at all, except the Doc Martens with a single lock through the top two lace holes on each boot. I looked back into the main room. It wasn't much of a room, just a squatter's flat with a mattress on the floor. Kev was still asleep.

Master Kev, that is. That's what I have to call him now. Last night, he freed me from everything I've ever known. I never thought I'd find someone like him when I came to London, but now I'm as much of a skinhead as I'll ever be.

I've always loved skinheads. They were the most macho, hottest guys you could think of. I don't mean the mall rats who cut their hair short and didn't understand that being a skin

wasn't just dress-up. No, I meant the skins in the city. On the rare occasions when I could get in town, they were there. Always in packs, tattooed and booted. I dreamed about their boots all the time. I wanted to be a skin so bad, but I wasn't going to fool myself. I was cul-de-sac to the core Middle American. My dad was a salesman and my mom ran a daycare center. I begged them to let me cut my hair short, but they always said no. I even tried to



figure out a way to shave myself, but then there was gym class and enforced showers. It didn't mean anything anyway if you did it to yourself.

Now, you probably think I am some kind of racist or Neo-Nazi, but I'm not. Most real skinheads aren't either. There *are* vicious thugs who claim to be skins. But true skinheads are really just working-class kids in England, the opposite of Teddy Boys, Rockers, and the like. They're rough, to be sure, but mostly amongst themselves when they're pissed on beer. They're simple, really. Basic, down to earth. They're true Loyalists to Mother England and you have to respect that. I'm half-English and I've always wished that I was really English, European and all that. Being an American can be so boring.

The first time I got to touch a skinhead was in the city. I slipped away from school and got on the local train. Spending the day just walking, I didn't even know where I was. But then, I realized that someone was following me. I walked into a mall, but there he was behind me. I couldn't turn around it would have been too obvious. So I went into the women's lingerie section of the big department store; surely he wouldn't follow me there. But he did and quickly cornered me. His head was nearly smooth, just a light sheen of stubble could be seen. He had on a denim vest and tall laced boots. I stood against the wall and he slowly walked up to me. Whispering, but threatening all the same, he spoke to me. "I saw you go to the gay bookstore. Are you a faggot? Want to suck my dick?"

I had to admit, looking at him, that I did. His arms were sunburned and the muscles in his arms tightened as he leaned toward me. He was sweating and I closed my eyes, thinking how I would lick his skin, tasting the salt and feeling the heat. "What do you want?" I replied, too afraid to look directly into his eyes. He told me to walk in front of him out of the store. I was shaking like a leaf, but I was hard. My cock was dripping, staining my jeans. I kept imagining myself at this guy's feet, pressing my arms around his legs, rubbing my face in his crotch. Finding out what a cock really tasted like.

We slowly moved away from the busy section of town until we found a park by the river, thick with overgrowth. He pointed to a small overhang. Once inside, he pushed me down to the ground. I didn't resist, I was too scared. He spit in my face and I raised my hand to wipe it off. But then he

grabbed my hands and held my wrists behind my back. He spit on me again. I could feel the tears well up in my eyes, but I didn't cry. "Open your mouth." He pushed my head back and I opened my mouth as wide I could. Then he began to spit again. Slowly, into my mouth. The saliva hit my tongue and slid into my throat. He unbuttoned his jeans, and his erect cock literally popped out. "Suck it."

I moved forward and he forced the cock back into my mouth where his spit was. Moving my head back and forth along the shaft, I began to feel light-headed. My own saliva was choking me. But I didn't pull back, I just wanted his cock in my mouth. I just wanted to hold it there. Slowly, he began to let me lick it on my own. I rolled my tongue around the back of his cockhead. I sniffed it and pushed my tongue into the hole in his shaft. It was salty. I could feel my own cock pressing against my jeans. Then, as if bored by my investigation, he laced his hands behind my head and fucked my face again. He groaned as my throat tightly wrapped around his cock, then suddenly he pulled out and came on my face.

I winced as the cum hit me and just then, he pushed me face forward. I fell into the dirt. I was alone, dazed. As I pulled myself up, I looked around to see if anyone was nearby. There was no sign of him. So I sat back down and pulled my cock from my pants. Cum was dripping down my shaft. I closed my eyes and began to pump my dick. I raised my legs in the air and imagined him fucking me. It was too quick. Before I knew it, cum was dripping from my hand.

After that day, I began to skip school more often, hoping I would find him again. I would stroll through the mall, hoping he was there. And one day, I certainly found him. Dressed in a baggy suit, behind a counter in the main department store's glassware department, he noticed me and waved. "Hey guy, that was pretty fun the other day. We should go out some time," he yelled out. I was mortified. He wasn't a skinhead at all. I looked at him again and watched in dismay as a big hoop earring bounced against his neck. He winked, but I just turned around and walked away. I didn't know what to say. I was mad.

I continued to skip school, but while I grew adept at maneuvering through the city, I never connected with anyone. Least of all with any real skinheads.

It was hard to even tell sometimes, punks and skins looked a lot alike. I began to realize that I wasn't going to find any real skinheads in America. I had to go to England, somehow. The last years of high school dragged on, but I graduated and knew I was going to be free soon.

When I finally got into college, I chose one the furthest away from home that I could. It wasn't that I didn't like my mom and dad, they simply were too narrow-minded. They thought all skins were criminals and drug addicts. But I knew that in England, skins were all kinds of people. Guys who fought for you, guys who were brothers. Fortunately each summer, the college conducted an exchange program with a London broadcasting school. I applied and interviewed for a position. When they accepted me, I was exuberant. I was finally going to London.

In England, everything was so old, the streets running every which way. Hustling from my classes to the hotel, I hardly got to see anything at all. But here and there during my first week, I would glimpse a skinhead on the street out of the window of our transit bus. *English* skins, and some were obviously gay! They were tall and short, muscular and thin. Skinheads, a few in every crowd, and they were all brothers. You could see it in their nods to each other and in their uniform of Doc Martens boots, braces (meaning suspenders), and smooth heads. Some had just short hair, some were buzzed to a rough stubble. But the ones who solidly caught my eye had totally smooth heads, oiled to reflect the light. Some skins even had their eyebrows trimmed or shaved. A few didn't even have eyelashes.

The gay skins seemed part and parcel with the other skins, though I was sure there had to be friction. Once I even saw two skins kissing in the tube. As one walked onto the train, the other docilely stuck his finger through a back belt loop. I wanted to call out, but the school group swept me away.

As my frustration mounted, so did my resolve. London was gargantuan, but it was in my grasp. Finally, one Friday night, I slipped away from the planned events. As our sponsors led us to the underground, people were streaming up and down the escalators. Our group marched toward the red line, but I turned down a different tunnel to the northern line. From magazines, I had already gathered that Camden Town was pretty hip. It was a



trendy section of town. I was sure to find gay shops there, or at least a local rag that might point me somewhere. I was drumming my foot as a sign counted down the next train's arrival. As I was waiting, a skin walked up just beside me. He wasn't any ordinary skin, this was a man.

He had red braces and basic Doc Martens with white laces. His head was almost smooth, and you could tell that he had just gotten it buzzed. He had on a black bomber jacket and his white shirt had the collar ripped in back. Most skins look like they need a good meal, but this man was incredibly muscular. He had thick legs. His braces rode on a well-developed chest. I stared. His face had that ruddy complexion that most Brits have, and I wondered who he was. I must have been pretty obvious. We locked eyes and I couldn't decide if he was cruising me or if a fist was going to connect with my face. He lifted his hands out of his pockets, and I cringed. He smiled and rolled his tongue, chuckling at my obvious skatishness.

I decided that he must be gay. He was wonderful, I thought. But he wasn't saying anything to me, and I didn't know how to connect. The wait time flashed at 20 seconds and soon the light of the next train flooded the walls of the tunnel. I opened my mouth to say something, but I froze. The train pulled to a stop. As the people boarded, he turned to me and pressed his hand against his crotch, then turned again and got on the train. A shudder went through my back and I watched him as the train pulled out of the station without me.

I could feel the sweat on my forehead. I was dazed, and I could feel my hard dick slowly soften again. I had to catch the next train, I thought. I counted down the wait time as the numbers slowly ran through the five minutes before another train came. Only five minutes, unbelievable by American standards, yet I probably would lose him in Camden Town. Then I realized that he might not even be going there. I kicked the floor and fell back against the seat as an old woman glared at me.

When I surfaced in Camden Town, the streets were terribly crowded. I knew that I had lost him. He might not even have gotten off the train here. I swallowed and looked down the narrow street. If a circus had arrived and never left, then the street could not have been more wild. Few of the stores had doors, most were entirely open to

the street. Leather jackets, gloves, luggage, and hats hung everywhere. It was like a boardwalk without an ocean. The people were dressed in the latest fashions and punks mingled like strutting peacocks with their tails displayed. In the noise and activity, I felt reasonably anonymous as I began to walk along the street in search of more information. At one end of the main street, I found a gay adult shop. British porn magazines were in the window. They looked quite tame, little more than a GQ magazine. Perhaps the shop wouldn't amount to much. Taking a deep breath, I entered.

If the displayed magazines were tame, the store itself was not. Dildos of all sizes lined a row of glass shelves. In large letters, a sign read "For novelty use only." From the ceiling, whips and floggers hung coiled up for their first use. But it was the smell that pulled me deeper into the store. I didn't know what it was until I looked at the salesman.

"Not like in the States, huh?" he said, meeting my eyes.

How did he know that? I hadn't even said a word, I thought. "Why do you think I'm American?" The words stumbled out.

He laughed and replied, "You c'n tell you're an American from a mile away. What is it you're looking for if I can 'elp?"

He couldn't have been nicer, but I simply stared instead of answering. The man was wearing leather and rubber, but best of all he had a studded collar around his neck. He stepped out from around the counter and moved close to me. I realized that the smell in the store was the thick mixture of the rubber and leather together. It grew stronger as he approached me, wearing a rubber T-shirt and chaps. His sweat mixed with the air, making the air in the shop saturated with all kinds of intoxicating smells. I took a deep breath as he stepped beside me. "Like the smell of it, 'eh? I love it myself. Like to try something on?" I looked around and simply nodded. "First time?" he questioned me. I nodded and my eyes roamed around the shop. In a corner were boots of all sizes and shapes, some even as high as my thighs. My breathing thickened

# I winced

as the  
man hit me and just then, he  
pushed my face forward. I  
fell into the dirt.

and I continued to circle the small shop. In the back was a rack of rubber clothes. I put my face in between them and inhaled. My dick was getting hard. When I inhaled again, I could feel it get caught in between the folds of my underpants.

"Let's try something on you, then." He pointed to a dressing room and told me to undress. Then he gave me a bottle of powder. "Shake it all over ya, it'll make everything much easier." Then he told me to sit down on a stool. Once I did, he began to roll the legs of a rubber suit onto my feet and up my legs. In places it would bunch up and stick to my hair. I winced as he slowly pulled it up onto my legs. This wasn't any fun, I thought. Then he yanked the legs of the suit over my knees, and everything felt much better. The powder lubricated the rubber against my feet and I slowly grew warmer. He motioned for me to put one hand through one of the suit's arm holes. In moments, he zipped the front up and I could feel the rubber against my skin, wrapping me up like someone holding me. I looked down at my cock which he'd pulled through a small opening. "Like it?" I nodded quickly. It felt great. Different. Sexy and alien.

"Well here then, let's finish you up." He turned to walk back into the store, and I noticed that he was wearing some kind of leather jockstrap that had locks around it. When he bent over, I realized that something was locked up his ass. Sides of a rubber base stuck around the edges of a leather strap which ran between his ass cheeks. I wanted to be dressed like that. Turning, he held up a small cock-shaped rubber sock and a hood which looked like a deflated balloon. He went behind the counter and I could see him pour some lubricant into the rubber sock. When he handed it to me, I pulled it onto my cock and the cool wetness closed around me. My cock grew harder still.



Then he folded the hood over the top of my forehead. "Don't worry about the breathing, it's got a tube. Just get it in your mouth and take deep breaths." The rubber rolled over my face and pressed against my nose. For a second, I panicked. I needed air, but then I caught the tube and took a long deep breath.

The sensations were overwhelming me. The air was flavored with the smell of rubber, and I was sweating and straining against the tight rubber covering me. I had never felt my skin feel so present and alive. Even the tightness against my feet felt good. Everything was blackness and I nearly fell over before he pressed me against the wall of the fitting room. I could feel his hand on my dick. For short moments, he would put his mouth over the mouth tube in the rubber hood, and a stream of hot air would fill my mouth. I could feel his chaps and boots against my legs. He held me against the wall, with one hand on my dick and another pressing my head back against the wall. "Like it? Makes your dick hard, doesn't it. Come on, hold back," he coached as I tried not to come, but all I could do was groan and feel my stomach tighten. Then with a shudder, I ejaculated, shooting into the rubber sock. My body shook and my legs felt weak. "All right, sit down again. That's good." He helped me back down on the stool again and rolled the hood back up over my eyes.

I looked up at him, blinking. The light felt much brighter than it had been. Then worriedly, I said, "I can't pay for this."

"I know that. It's okay. 'n fact, it was my pleasure. I don't often get to do it."

I stared at the leather jockstrap locked on under his chaps. "Do you want me to...?" I questioned.

"Nah, I'll get in trouble." Then quietly, he gently helped me out of the rubber. When I was naked again, the thick powder made my skin look a strange white as I pulled on my jeans again. Handing me the rubber sock, he said "A present." I stuffed the sock into my left pocket and held out my hand to thank him. He laughed as we formally shook hands. Walking back out into the store, he asked me if I had been actually been looking for something particular.

"Just what's going on," I mumbled.

Pointing to a stack of newspapers on the floor, he replied, "See the one called *BOYZ*, that'll tell you what you want."

I thanked him again and quickly

went outside. The air was much colder, but it felt quite good. The late afternoon sun was growing weaker, but it was still warm. So I walked to a patch of grass on an empty lot and sat down on the ground. Flipping through the newspaper, I finally came across an ad. *CLUB SKINS*, it said. Two pounds before 11:00 and three pounds after. Condition, it continued, short hair and men only. Ripping the page from the paper, I smiled. I had found my connection.

I knew that I should wait until at least 11:00. I didn't have any wish to stand out in a club full of skinheads, gay or not. I began to walk back down the street until I found a clock tower. It was only four, so I spent the afternoon wandering London. The streets and buildings were beautiful. Here I was in London, but I couldn't find it in me to simply sit and enjoy the activity of the street. I entered and exited the tube. Summarily walking the block around an entrance, I would race back down into the underground to check the time. The afternoon dragged on and on. I would imagine that I had killed half an hour and then I would find out that only five or six minutes had passed. Finally, against my better judgment, I gave up on moving about London and took the subway to the neighborhood where the club was.

I arrived at nine. As I came up and off the escalator, I frowned to see an entirely residential neighborhood. Nothing upscale. In fact, I wondered if it was even safe. The age of London buildings had skewed my sense of good and bad neighborhoods. Worse, there would be nothing to occupy me. The next two hours moved forward at a crawl. I circled the blocks counting the house numbers and wondering if I might cross paths with the incredible looking skinhead. But I only encountered the questioning looks of residents, leery of my presence.

In the entrance to a closed-up grocery, I finally sat down and waited. It was about a block away from the club. I felt safer here as night finally came. On the street, skinheads began to arrive from the tube and walk down the alley to the club. They eyed me suspiciously, but no one made a move toward me. They were all dressed alike, and I suddenly realized how much I would stick out. I was only wearing jeans and hiking boots; my hair was hardly short. What had I been thinking? The salesman had spotted me without me saying a word, the skins would

tear me apart. Slowly, I began to lose hope. They probably wouldn't even let me in. Utterly dejected, I decided to simply walk past the entrance and then go back to the hotel. Summoning all my courage, I turned the corner.

As I walked to the club's front door, my jaws clenched. I could feel my legs already shaking. It was him. He was the doorman. He had different boots than before. They were older and taller. Fourteen holers and with yellow laces. His braces fell about his thighs, and he didn't have a shirt on. His chest was like a bodybuilder's, only covered in tattoos. Prominently across his chest ran the words "Made In England." I started to turn away, but then he called out to me. "Hey, fag. Come here."

Reflexively, I walked to him. "Looking for a queer bar, are ya?" I didn't know what to say. Maybe I was wrong about it being gay. Maybe English skins just didn't want women where they went drinking. I was going to get the shit beaten out of me, I just knew it. But instead of lurching for me, the man's eyes opened wide. "Well, ya found one. 'Cept you ain't no skin and I can't allow you in." His eyes bored into mine and then he smiled. Maybe I was going to be all right.

"I want to be a skin, I want to belong. I always have..." I began to blubber.

He just continued to smile, a wicked smile. "I can't let you in, but you know I need to piss—real bad."

In a trance, I moved closer to him. I felt his rough hand on the top of my head. He began to push me to the ground and suddenly, I was at his feet. I ran my hands along his legs. His legs were enormous, they pressed against the fabric and filled his boots. When I looked up, he held his hand around my jaw and then with the other hand squeezed my nose shut. I began to feel dizzy. A stream of hot piss hit my face just as I needed air. It was rank and concentrated. I couldn't help myself. Instead of pulling away, I leaned forward and drank. His piss was bright yellow. As the salty bitter stuff was pouring out of him, time stopped.

The piss filled up my mouth. It tasted so awful that I shook, but I tried to swallow. I couldn't take it all, so as it poured out of his cock, it spilled from my mouth onto his boots. His smile faded. His mouth tightened and then he screamed at me, "Lick it up!" as if I should have automatically known to. Stretching out on the concrete step



into the club, I bent down and tasted the leather of his boots. I sucked on them for my life, and in the distance, I could hear passing skins taunting me as they came and went from the bar. It was intoxicating. I was at his feet, licking between the eyeholes and around the toe. He moved my head about with the other boot. I could feel the rough sole on my head, tearing at the hair, as he slowly pressed my face into the boot with his other foot.

He began to push against the small of my back with his booted foot. Then kicking my face away, he pulled my hands behind me and swung me up from the ground. I was shaking as he dug his hands into my pockets. He found the change in my right pocket, but didn't steal it. Then in my left pocket, he found the rubber sock. "What is this?" He shoved me against a wall and slowly turn the sock inside out. Pressing it against my cheek, he smeared my still-wet cum across my face. "Kinky boy, eh? You follow me and don't even think of running away." He turned and confidently began to walk down the street. I could have easily run away, but he knew I would not. Obediently, I walked behind him.

Home was an abandoned apartment building. At the entrance, he stopped and told me to give him my clothes. "Come on," he gestured impatiently as I slowly began to unbutton my shirt. I looked around the street, but in a second, he grabbed my left arm. "I said *undress*. If anyone's around, that's my business." Naked, I handed him my clothes and walked behind him through the dark halls until we came to his room. Throwing my clothes onto the floor, he lit a kerosene lamp and tossed a pair of Docs at me. I eagerly put them on. Then without a word, he placed a lock in the top hole of each one. I was locked in them now. My cock pointed straight out and his hand pulled on the head of my cock until I was close to the mattress on the floor. Then he simply said, "Butt up." I smelled the mattress and I could tell this was where he slept. He was rolling the palm of his hand around my ass. My skin began to tingle and I closed my eyes.

Then in an instant, he smacked his hand against my right cheek. Then again. Steady at first, each hit grew harder and faster. At first, I winced with each blow. Then the blow of his hands became relentless. Reflexively, I put my own hands in the way. Angrily, he took my balls and began to crush

them until I willed my hands to bare myself. His hands came down and down and finally I began to cry. I tried not to, but it hurt so much. At first, I could take it, but soon my ass felt like the skin would break. Each blow shook my whole body. With a scrunched-up face, I screamed without thinking. I heard him sigh as I blubbered into a sour pillow.

Then he stopped. I choked for air and felt him stick his finger in my ass. I panicked, I couldn't get fucked dry. "Could you use lube please," I timidly asked. Then he came up close to my ear and slowly spoke. "Say Sir. Beg me." So I begged. I begged like my life depended on it. I begged for him to fuck me. But then I didn't stop. I begged him to make me a skinhead. I cried out until he simply clamped his hand over my mouth. Silently scrutinizing me, I gazed at his dick. A large ring skewered the head of his cock and precum dripped from the hole it made along the shaft. I was scared, but I was entirely his.

He rolled to one side of the bed and came back with lube dripping from his palm. Forcing it into my asshole, he slowly forced his fingers inside me. His cock was hard as I'd ever seen one and when he touched my asshole with it, he made one single movement straight up and into my ass. To the hilt, he bucked in and out. At first, my butt clenched up so tight that I thought I would puke. His hand came around and began to crush my balls. As if something was pulling on the muscles in my stomach, I faintly sobbed as we rocked together on the mattress. I could feel his weight press against my whole body and slowly, I pressed my ass up as he pushed into me. With his free hand, he held my face back and slobber began to run down my chin. His weight crushed me against the mattress. His boots dragged across my legs. My ass burned as his lube-covered fingers scraped at my skin. Then he closed his eyes, moaned, pulled out, and shot over my back. The cum soaked my hair. I laid in a pool of my own cum, spasmodically dripping from my dick.

Everything was silent. He pulled away from ass and stood up. I rolled

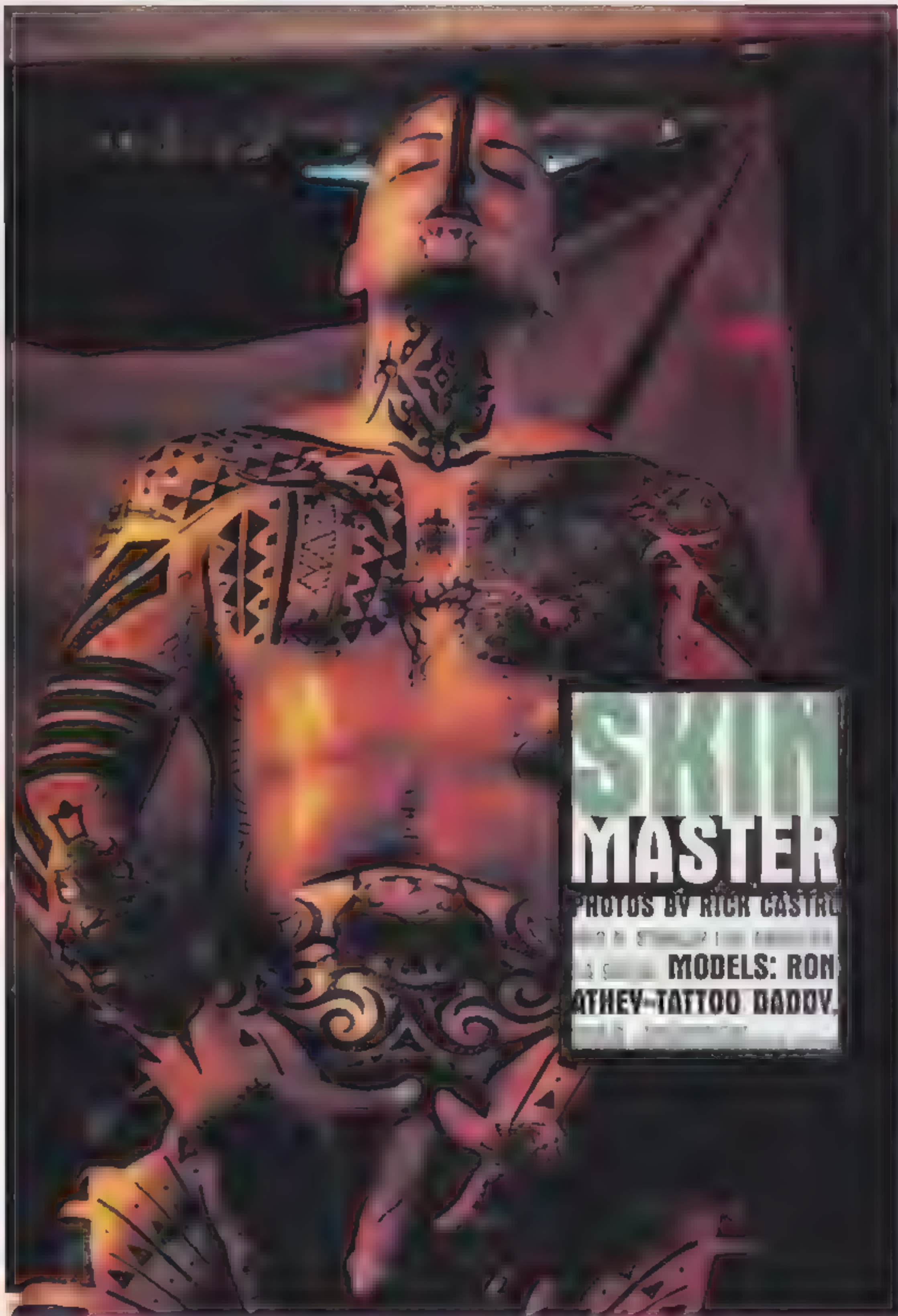
# I begged like my life depended on it. I begged for him to make me a skinhead.

over and he raised his arms toward the dark ceiling, stretching out his muscles. His cock was still enormous as it hung, still filled with blood. I could feel the cum underneath me grow cool and I shivered. Then, as if he had been the most gentle lover possible, he bent down and held my face in his hands. He kissed me. His tongue reached into my mouth and his arms pulled me against his body. The heat of his skin warmed the sweat rolling down his sides as he tenderly kissed my face. He thrust his tongue deep into my mouth and tightened his arms around my back, rubbing one hand across my burning ass.

Then pulling back, he touched my hair. He grabbed a fist of it in his hand and pulled me close to his face. We laid staring at each other, silently. Letting go, I fell back against the mattress. Again, he rolled to the side of the bed. Reaching for a pair of cordless clippers, he skillfully brought them against my legs. Swallowing hard, I stretched out on the mattress and he began to run them across my legs. Up my ass and around my crotch. He rubbed his hand where my pubic hair had been, and his cock began to arc out again, pressing against my stomach. "Head up," he bluntly said. I could hear the clipper's whine. In slow parallel motions, he shaved my head, working up the sides.

I watched tufts of hair fall slowly onto my wet stomach. When he was finished, I ran my hand across it, feeling the remaining stubble. Then he forcefully brushed the hair off the mattress and pushed my head against the pillow. I could feel his cock against mine and his boots slowly pushed my legs apart. Instinctively, I put my hands behind my back. Then carefully, placing the clippers against my eyebrows, he firmly said, "Beg me. And I did, because my life depended on it."





# SKIN MASTER

PHOTOS BY RICK CASTRO

STYLING BY JESSICA HARRIS

MODELS: RON  
ATHEY-TATTOO DADDY



At 28, he's a blond sandy, and he's my oldest boy, but he's a little fucking pit. He looks like an innocent baby boy, but he's a heartless fucking pit. I met him at a sex club in Silverlake, where he works part time, and I made him eat my dick. He gives great head, but all he really cares about is his hungry little asshole. I took him home and threw him out on a nice hardwood floor. Then I kicked his ass and raised the shit out of it. I especially enjoy giving a boy his first enema. Sometimes I let him watch the first guy in private, then he gets a refill. After the first guy, I let him watch the second guy for a long time, during which I tie him to a wall. He, again. The smell of cigar smoke usually makes him less embarrassed about the smell of his own shit. If he has a gut wrenching, I might let him relax for a while afterwards. Then I stick my dick up his butt and give him a real hard fucking. If I love him enough, I might let him watch the inside of his lower lip.

Rinôçérôse is a performance artist whose theatre incorporates heavy SM techniques — flogging, breeding, cutting, masturbation, gagging — with autobiographical monologues, live film, and ambient soundtrack; he was raised and lives in Los Angeles.















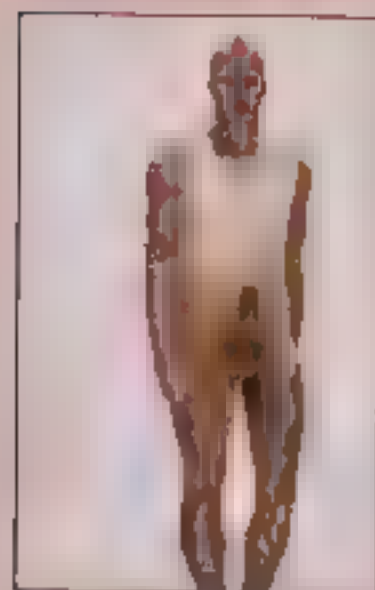






# Bastille

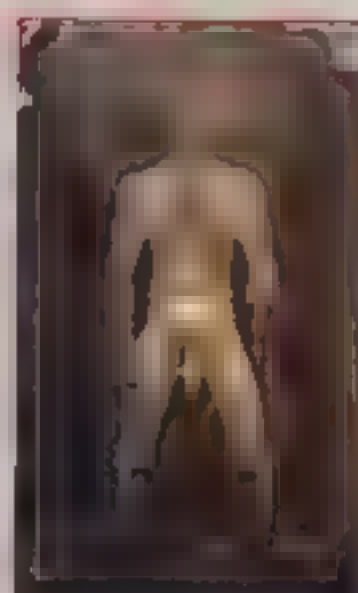
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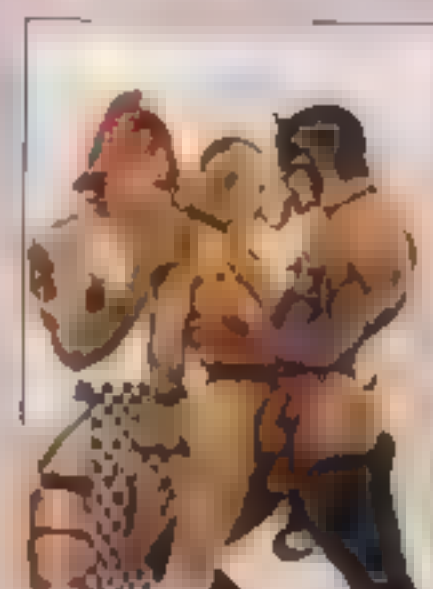
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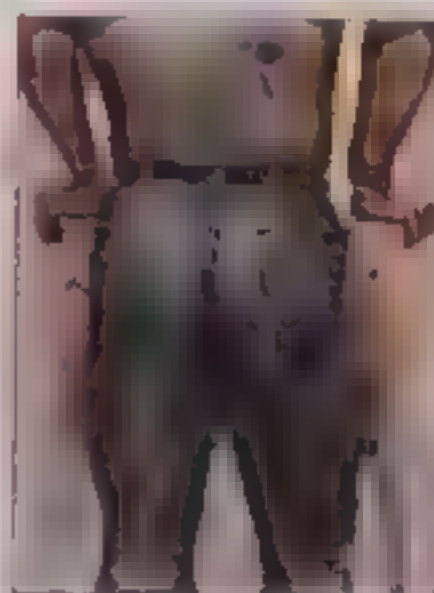
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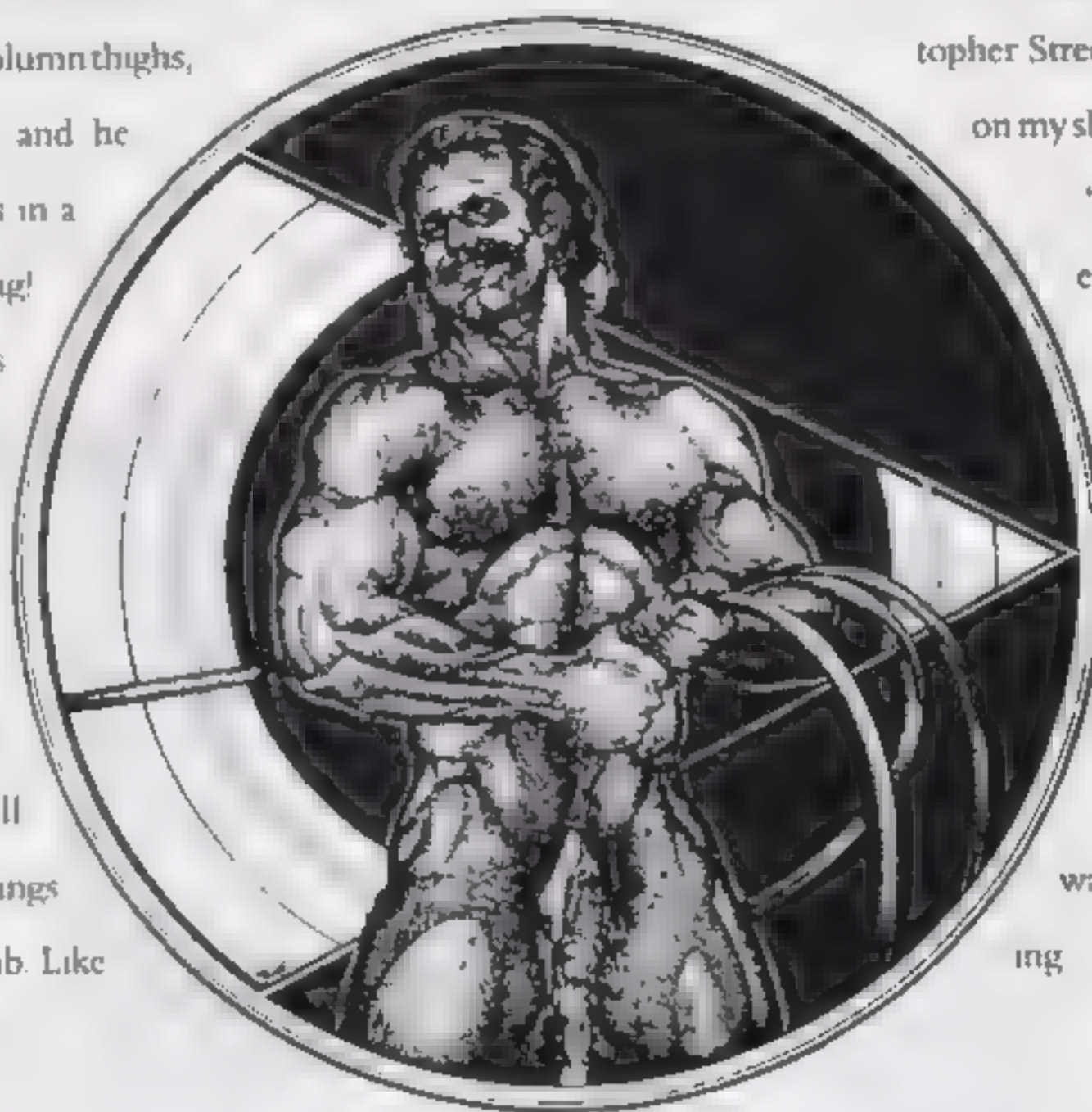
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**H**e's a pig. Just the way I want him. Round, thick, furry and insatiable. Sound like a pig? Let me go on. Six feet tall, black hair to his shoulders, pontoon tits, corinthian column thighs, honeydew melon buns, and he cums two or three times in a night. Now that's a pig! The best part is he insists he's straight. About as straight as a ram's horn. "But," he says, "I like gettin' sucked off and playin' mind games with guys." Now don't fall asleep, there are other things about him that aren't dumb. Like how he keeps me shaved hairless, like a skinhead.

It was a boring and late Saturday night. I first noticed him because of his large frame, then he farted. He was taking a long, hot piss in a trash can outside a greasy burger joint on Bleecker Street. (*Never mind which one...they're all greasy.*) Not only was he pissing, he had his jeans dropped down almost to his knees. Cock, balls, ass, groin and bush

everything in view, except for a cock of any decent size. I looked and laughed and walked on by. He farted and I turned around. He grinned and



# HE BLOWS HOT AND COLD.

BY RICHARD A. WHITE  
ILLUSTRATION BY R.A.W.

shrugged. "I'm a grower not a show-er, faggot."

I walked back, opened my fly, waved my big (even soft it's big...so shoot me) slab at him, put it back in, and walked away. His howling laugh made me turn around again. He had zipped up and

was walking my way. I flipped him the bird with my finger and turned away. I can be a real cocky son-of-a-bitch! I was walking towards my favorite Christopher Street pig-sty when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I knew it was him.

"Fuck off," I said without even turning around.

"Well, Scarlett, I admire your spirit," he chuckled.

Now, what straight man can quote from *Gone With The Wind*? I knew he was mine. Proof? I kept walking and he kept follow-

ing. I walked to the corner of Christopher and Bleecker Streets. I went left. He followed. Next corner, turned right...stayed right on my

heels. Like I said, "He's mine."

Turning around, I faced the pig and smiled. In my most affected drawl I crooned, "Lord, Massah Rhett, yo sho' do be shameless." His grin lit up the corner.

"Blow me and I'll show yuh how



big it gets," he laughed and I turned again.

"I have too much wind for such a small sail," I retorted.

"Hey, drop the fuckin' sword. I like yer guts. So...what's yer name?"

"YER!" Remember the spelling of that descriptive word? Usually in porno stories about men wearing thread-bare cover-alls, I swear...it's how he said it!

"Try 53rd and 3rd Avenue. The johns actually pay," I sneered over my shoulder. And the pig STILL followed! "HEY! I ain't no fuckin' hustler!"

He grinned and strutted his big body proudly. Like a bantam rooster!

"Great. Now fuck off," I chuckled. And I walked away again.

He sped up and walked beside me. "Really...it gets bigger. I ain't gay, but I love showin' my meat off, y'know?"

*(No one would believe this story, so pretend this is just another beat-off piece of fiction.)*

"So...where do you live, shorty?" I provoked the pig.

"Morton and Eighth...alone...no roommates and no built-in loft beds. No shit," the pig said.

"You mean there's no toilet?" I sneered.

"Fuck you! You wanna blow me or what?" He got to the point.

"Blow you, sure. Spend time with you, no way," I said arrogantly. He grabbed my shoulder and gently turned me to face him. Looking at him straight in the eye, I immediately thought how fuckin' beautiful this bastard looked.

"I'm not as stupid as my routine. And I know you wanna fuck around," the pig said. Not so dumb, the bastard.

Then I thought about it. Morton Street, hum. One of those deeply shaded, Greenwich Village streets. It curves and bends, too, making dark hidden corners. No way! "Sorry, Morton's too dark for me. *(Sounds like a song doesn't it?)*" I grinned and started on my way again.

"What do I gotta do to make you see I ain't dangerous?" he bobbed along beside me.

"Lose 50 pounds, shrink to five feet tall, and lisp," I said, glad that the street was crowded with lots of the usual faggots, tourists, and dealers.

"Heecccyyyy," he laughed. "C'mon, we ought'ta be a lotta fun together. We're both whacko!"

I had to admit, the more he per-

sisted, the hotter and more attractive he was becoming. Humor is something that'll always make up for an ordinary body. But this brute exuded no ordinary body. He was a tower of male gonads!

"Look, why don't you join me for a drink and we'll talk about it," I said. I figured that if he did try to harm me, at least the bartenders would know my name. They probably would be able to describe him. Boy, would they ever. However, as I thought some more about it, even if he were safe, I kinda got off on the idea of parading in that bar with a six foot "merit badge" made of 200 pounds of beef.

Lenny the doorman (AKA: "bouncer") is also six feet tall and almost 200 pounds. Lenny gave me a nodding, half smile of approval. If I were in any trouble with

Sounds like a school in Boston," I chuckled, and he laughed.

"Nope. My mother's Scandinavian and my ol' man's Italian. She named me. Ol' man hates it, so he calls me by my middle name...Marcus."

I liked that...Marcus. Made him seem like a Roman gladiator...if they made them that large! I told him my name, even though I toyed with giving him a phony one. What if the bartender called me by name instead of just saying "How yuh doin'?"

Arvid-Marcus raised his shirt and ran the icy, sweaty beer across his hairy belly and chest. He knew just what he was doing. Driving me crazy! Which was becoming a really short ride!

"Nothin' like cold beer on hot flesh," Marcus grinned at me. "I like playin' with extremes of hot and cold," he went on.

He kept his shirt rolled up to his nipple line, casually rubbing his chest and tits. The whorls of wet hair were like lacy filigree carved into stone. Bastard!

I sipped, and made no effort to conceal my visual rapture for his body.

"Wanna do a shot?" Marcus asked, setting his already empty beer can down.

"Why not?" I shrugged, then let my eyes drop back to his hairy armour-plated belly.

"Two shots o' Gold," he said to Jim the bartender. My eyes widened. I thought by a shot he meant schnapps or something lighter than Tequila!

"Hot and cold," he reminded me as he downed the shot, then grabbed my beer to wash down the sharp aftertaste.

Not to be left out, I choked down the sharp liquid, causing my eye lids to sweat. He handed the can back to me. My fingers ran over the back of his knuckles. His skin as smooth as heated eggshells. He gripped my hand as he returned the beer. Hard palms. Definitely "blue collar."

Jim the bartender had been a close friend of mine for several years. He knew I never drank Tequila! He looked at me with a quizzical half-grin. "Big night ahead?" he asked.

"I'm not sure yet. Jim, this is Marcus." I wanted to be sure Jim heard the name and could recognize Marcus too. Just in case.

"Two more beers, Jim," Marcus said and extended a hand to shake with his

**"I LIKE GETTIN'  
SUCKED OFF  
AND PLAYIN'  
MIND GAMES  
WITH GUYS."**

my pig, "Mr. Bouncer" would be sure to notice. I always hugged Lenny when I arrived for the night because it made me feel secure as well as horny. You know, kind of priming the pump for the evening's hoo-hah. Let me describe this guy. Lenny is your basic "goodlooking Gonzo" with tits and arms so hairy you could make a coat out of it and keep warm all winter.

I sat at the bar, waved to the few regulars I recognized and scanned the room for reactions to my pig. Not even a blink! Straws went up noses, cigarettes fell to the floor, beer cans crunched. OK OK, so a few people looked my way. But being typical New Yorkers, they quickly looked away, affecting disinterest. The consummate compliment from a New Yorker: disdain!

My pig ordered and paid for our drinks. Was he trying to prove he wasn't a hustler? Who cares...I didn't have to pay!

"Cheers," the pig said.

I got tired of referring to him in my mind as "The Pig" so I asked his name. "Arvid", he sipped his beer.

"What the fuck kind of name is that?"



new buddy. His grip made Jim's eyes glint in admiration, then Jim smiled approvingly at me.

Let me explain. Now, Marcus is not really my type, he's my fantasy. I am the top in sex. To top Marcus, I'd have to throw a rope ladder around his neck and climb up to his asshole! Jim knows my sexual preference, so his admiration of Marcus was curious to me. Maybe Jim wanted him too. Jim is almost 50 but doesn't look it. He has reddish blond hair, a barrel chest, thick neck, and is every inch the Daddy. I always felt secure in that bar with Jim behind the counter. His presence, combined with Lenny's at the door, made me bolder with Marcus.

"So how big does it grow?" I folded my arms on the bar, smiling defiantly at him.

"Big enough," he mumbled as he downed his second beer. "I know yer sort," he went on. "Y'think yer king shit 'cuz you gotta big dick. But what yuh really want is a man that's big inside. Big enough tuh take yuh in hand, and big enough for yuh to get lost in."

He put down his can. "Well, now that yuh made sure I could be identified if I killed yuh, let's go fuck around. Now!" He grinned at me and ran a long, thick finger down my cheekbone to my neck. The nail scraped the skin and brought out chills and made my tits hard. He knew it and I knew it; I was his. Bastard!

Morton Street was its usual, thickly foliated, darkly lit passage. I paused at the corner, still worried.

"No one'll mug yuh with me, babe." He gripped my shoulder.

Babe? I hated that word...so fucking condescending and a little bit femme. But you don't argue with a 200-pound brute to whom you find yourself willingly surrendering. He kept his hand resting on my shoulder as we wandered into the shadows of the sycamore trees lining both sides of the street. Gripping me as if to keep me from getting away. Ha! As if I would!

Some of the dark brick and brownstone buildings displayed lit porch lights, but none bright enough to relieve the inky darkness. I could smell him next to me: Old Spice...sweat...Ivory soap. His

grip tightened. "Here," he indicated as he pointed at a long flight of steps leading to the double doors of an old, three-story brownstone. Victorian Gothic with wooden trim on all windows. Dark, aged wood also framed the giant double doors ahead of us.

The hot night made the darkness seem even more oppressive as I climbed the brick steps, firmly holding the wrought-iron bannister. I was already crystallizing sweat on my skin from just a short climb.

"Hot night," he said, "but it'll be cold real soon."

ICY! That's how his apartment felt

his wide hips, surveying his neatly appointed living room, Marcus was a proud "lord of his jungle."

The living room spanned up two floors to a vaulted, beamed ceiling. From the entryway a stairway led up to the second floor which must be his bedroom. The entire place was like a large and refined log cabin. The windows were floor-to-ceiling, and faced a courtyard of dimly lit trees.

"Sit." He pointed to a sofa that was also newly handmade. But weren't serial killers always seen as neat, orderly people? I shuddered, but I'm sure that it was the chilly air that caused this uncomfortable feeling and not my stupid paranoia.

Marcus returned with two beers, a bottle of Tequila and wearing less clothing. Oh God. My hangover tomorrow was going to be lethal! Did he sense my uneasiness? He sat next to me, shirtless and gleaming with sweat.

The hair over his breastbone was so dense hardly any skin showed through. Silver beads of sweat clung to those sable-like strands. He handed me a beer and a shot glass. I forced a huge gulp of beer down my dry throat. It felt so cold and sobering. My fears began to ebb as he poured

me a shot and then one for himself.

Clinking shot glasses, he toasted, "To hot and cold," he grinned. Leaning his head way back, I watched the golden liquid drain down his throat. The muscles in his neck pulsed as he swallowed. Looking back at me, I saw two rivulets of Tequila slowly run over his moustache and down along his jaw. His "five-o'clock shadow" slowed the motion of the drop. Looking at the wall clock, the time was only two in the morning.

The shot of Tequila was white fire in my mouth. He wiped my lips where the last drops had spilled with the back of his hand. He then stuck his thumb into my mouth where I instinctively began to suck like a hungry calf. "Pretty mouth. Soft, wet, wide. We're gonna get along just fine, babe."

I reminded him of my name, hoping he'd drop the "babe" shit.

"Sure, babe," he teased, then swigged

**"NOTHIN' LIKE  
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HE WENT ON.**

as the door opened into blackness. His hand left my shoulder and reached for a dimmer switch. Beautiful was the best description for the palatial flat. The wood floors were polished to a gleaming bright sheen. Peering into the parlor, I saw a built-in bar decorated with more Victorian Gothic trim and molding. I'm sure it was brand new, though. Everywhere I looked, the furnishings were elegant and masculine in style.

His duplex was the top two floors of the building. "I gutted this place and totally rebuilt it," he said proudly as he spanned his arms and showed off his magnificent work. His gesture also showed off his even more magnificent muscles. Carpenter muscles, as thick and dense as the oak-paneled walls. Who else but a talented carpenter could afford a huge apartment like this?

"I'm also the owner and super of the whole damn buildin'. Still payin' off the fuckin' mortgage!" With his hands on



his beer and continued to finger fuck my mouth down to the tonsils. Marcus stood, wordlessly, and kicked off his boots and jeans. Sweat and hair was everywhere, and his cock was lengthening from my hungry stare. I didn't move because I knew I was supposed to await orders, or at least that's what I hoped he wanted.

"Strip," he said and again took a swig of his beer. He let some of it spill on his chin and splash down his chest. As fast as greased lightning, I peeled off my T-shirt and jeans. My excitement showed from the thick boner throbbing between my legs.

Looking down at my turgid manhood, he slapped it aside. "Lick," he whispered as he pointed at the wet forest across his pecks.

I went to him and started to put my hands on his hips. "Not yet," he said pushing my hands to my side. He thrust his chest forward so I licked the beer from his incandescent skin. "Hot 'n' cold...my favorite," he whispered to me as he ran his fingers over my nipples. My cock shot up even harder in seconds. My nipples ached with electric current. "Good boy," he approved.

He poured more beer on his belly and cock hairs. "Lick, but don't touch me with anythin' but yer tongue," his cock was fully hard and throbbing, like mine. He had exaggerated. His "shower" was good sized but still only average.

Who cares? Obviously it worked, didn't it?

I bent to get the drops of beer and sweat from his balls. Hot and cold again. His balls swelled and rolled about in his sack, loving my tongue's lapping. He sighed slightly, then poured beer over his cock. "Lick, then swallow me."

Finally! Cold beer and hot pre-cum. I got all of him in my gullet in one swallow. His thick thighs buckled and shuddered.

"That's enough," he said, "You gotta earn every inch. C'mon. We're goin' out to my roof garden." He led me by my hard-on through the french doors into the night air. As he yanked me by my sore boner, it was all I could do to keep up. I wondered if we'd be seen. Hell, he lived here, I didn't. Let them look! The trees hid us from view to any of the windows along the row of brown-stones. The shadows in the garden

would do the rest.

Marcus held our cold beers in one hand, my hot throbbing cock in his other. "Gotta get rid o' that hair on yer balls and legs and belly," he murmured. "Then I will decide about the rest o' yuh."

Oh no...shaving. I only did it once when I had caught crabs. I hated the itchy feeling as the hairs grew back. But I didn't resist.

"Lie on the stones," he said. The roof garden had hard slate covering most of it. Cool to the feet on a hot night. "I'm not going to tie you down so I expect you to stay in that position no matter what happens." He sounded pretty serious.

Marcus pulled a garden hose from around the side, then went into the

**"LIE ON YER BACK, BABE, AND SUCK ME GOOD AND HARD. THEN YER MAN'S GONNA FUCK YER HAIRLESS ASS."**

living room where he picked something up from the granite coffee table and returned.

He walked over to me, still hard. His boner whipped back and forth like a weather vane in a hurricane. In his hand Marcus produced a small canister of lighter fluid which he immediately doused over my tight, naked body.

"Move and I'll whip yer ass," he whispered. Then he grabbed the garden hose. My body was covered with lighter fluid except for my head. He bent, flicked his Bic at me and my body was a mass of blue flames! I could see my raging hard-on standing up, surrounded by my burning pubic bush. Then, he quickly turned the hose on me. Ice cold water. The flames weren't lit long enough for me to feel any real heat or to cause any skin damage. It seemed clear to me that he'd done this before. This was the hot and cold he'd promised me. He doused me again with fluid and lit the flammable liquid. More hair went up in flames and disappeared. The cold water extinguished my body again.

Marcus was truly turned on by the sight of my flaming, naked body. After

all my body hair was gone, he straddled my face and shoved his hard on at my mouth. "Swallow," he purred, "you earned it."

I nursed his cock helmet. It dribbled more prick juice. He slid himself all the way in so the smokey fluid stuck to the back of my throat. My cock ached for release. No chains, no handcuffs, no belts. Mentally, he had me a complete prisoner. I sucked deep on his bone while I buried my nose in the furry black pelt above his hard on.

Suddenly he pulled out. He ran his fingers over my crotch. "Still some hair down there," he hissed.

He poured more lighter fluid on me. It was cold, my cock hot and hard. He poured more over my legs as well.

I watched as he stood, appearing massive, especially in the darkness which makes everything loom larger and fiercer! There was no denying it, I craved him. He beamed proudly at me with not a word. My kinda man, then he bent to light me again.

This time he paused for about three seconds. The heat began to penetrate my skin. The hose spewed icy cold water and relieved the scorching heat and the chilling

fright I felt.

He straddled me again. His balls swung about a foot over my face as he started to piss all over my chest, turning me from cold to hot again. He spun around, ass crack above me, and pissed all over the rest of my body.

"Good, not a word! Lick my shutter, babe," he hissed. I slid my tongue in his hot hole and moaned with satisfaction. He farted again, just like in the street, but I licked on.

"Yeah...you'll take all I give yuh, woncha?" he whispered over his shoulder at me. Then he stood again. "Inside" he commanded.

Into the chilly, indoor air I went, feeling the hot sweat cool instantly on my skin.

He led me to the bathroom. He must have gutted it completely and rebuilt it. The whole room displayed the same elegance as the rest of the flat.

"Now, boy, it's time to complete my work. You don't deserve to have any hair on you anywhere. Reaching for the electric clippers laying on the long counter, he pushed me down to the floor on my knees.



"Don't move or you will be sorry," he threatened. Grabbing big chunks of hair on my head, he began to shear me of my remaining hair. Soon, my head was bald and covered with just stubble, my body surrounded by a carpet of black. He walked me into the shower and turned it on hot. With a cup and brush, he lathered my head stubble. For the next few minutes, Marcus shaved my skull with a straight edge until there was nothing left except smooth skin. He then bathed my sensitive skin, raw from lighter fluid, flames, piss, sweat and hair. His hands moved all over me, murmuring delight at the smooth, hairless feel of my skin. Then he quickly turned off the shower and reached for rubbing alcohol. He poured it over me, and I jumped. The sting and cool of it...the hot and cold of it, the burning, icy feeling as it hit my balls. I didn't say a word, so he grinned at me again in approval.

"You earned my cum, babe...let's get to it," he led me up the stairs to his bedroom. The walls, all paneled and polished. A huge handmade kingsized bed positioned under a giant antique mirror angled to reflect the bed's activities.

"Lie on yer back, babe, and suck me good and hard. Then yer man's gonna fuck yer hairless ass." He aimed his shaft to my hungry mouth. He fucked my mouth like a wet pussy and his balls slapped at my chin. I let my eyes wander to the mirror above me to watch this behemoth use me as his fuck toy. What an image! A huge hairy man fucking his hairless, skinhead boy! His cock throbbed faster in my throat. He dripped sweat from every pore of his skin and soaked me with it. The cold air blowing on me from the air conditioning vents in the ceiling dried Marcus' "sweat shower" all too soon. His moans and panting got louder as he pumped long, hard strokes down my throat. Then, just as I was peaking with desire for him, he pulled his cock out forcefully.

"Roll over," he said in gasping breaths. I spun over and watched up in the mirror as he mounted me and rammed his hard on into my guts. He slammed his large torso down on me in a sweaty lunge. His cock swept up into me in rapid thrusts. I said nothing. I just

watched him and squirmed and moaned in delight at being mastered by someone so huge and so magnificent looking. I could feel my cock rubbing the sheets and getting ready to blow.

"Want me...want me," he whispered in my ear. I sighed but said no words. "Tell me...tell me," he urged. "I can't get enough of you."

I struggled for air under his heavy body. He rolled me over on top of him so I could breathe. I could look straight up into the angled mirror and see myself suspended on his cock, flying in the air on his fucking.

"God, I want you...fuck me...please...more...please!" I begged.

**HE STILL INSISTS HE'S STRAIGHT. BUT AS LONG AS HE KEEPS FUCKING ME, KEEPING ME SHAVED SMOOTH, AND TREATING MY MIND AND BODY TO HEAT AND COLD, I'LL KEEP RETURNING.**

He flipped me on my side, then spun himself around so he faced me. He never took his cock out of my tortured hole. He wrapped his huge arms around me. I was being thrashed wildly around on his cock.

"Love me.. love me!" he hissed into my mouth. He slid his tongue under mine. I gripped his shoulders with my arms and wrapped my legs around his butt.

"I love you....God, I love this man," I wailed. He kissed me again, warmly this time, and then suddenly ripped his cock out of me and shot his load all over my raw flesh.

"Hot...then cold...that's me," he grinned.

He stood up and wiped the sweat off his belly, and the cum off his cock. "C'mon. Hit the showers," he laughed. I hadn't cum yet. But I didn't care because I knew that would happen next time. I was sure there'd be one. I prayed there'd be one.

I stepped into the generously wide shower that barely held his big body and mine. He lathered me all over with soap. He smiled the whole time but never said a word. Then he turned me around to wash my asshole. Gentle strokes soothed my ravaged butthole. Slowly, but firmly he ran his hands over me. He worked his way to my front. He slipped his hand firmly on my cock and squeezed hard. The other hand was stroking the top of my skinhead.

"You meant it...you love me?" I questioned.

He pressed his lips to my neck from behind. "Yeah...I sure did."

He worked my cock in his hand, biting reddish welts all over my neck. I shot in seconds. Again his mood shifted dramatically. He laughed, swatted my ass, and jumped out of the shower.

He threw me a towel. "Cool off...the heat's over for now. You'll be back." I grinned. My prayers were answered.

**H**e still insists he's straight. But as long as he keeps fucking me, keeping me shaved smooth, and treating my mind and body to heat and cold, I'll keep returning. He even made me watch him fuck a woman to prove he was straight.

He had me lie under him while he plowed her, doggy-style. Then, when he was ready to cum, I stopped licking his swollen balls and he aimed his spurt-ing lather into my mouth. Then, true to his hot and cold ways, he slapped my face and said, "Hit the showers."

While we were in there, he bound my hands behind me and whipped my cock into cumming again, neck bites and all. Then he slapped my ass, laughed and went back to the woman. She was fully dressed. She was used to his hot and cold moods, so she left without so much as a goodbye. Just a silent wave.

I've gotten used to being without my hair. I like the looks I get from people on the streets. I get some kind of charge from being a skinhead and a faggot. I don't care what others say, only my straight Daddy matters to me.

He lets me sleep with him now, sometimes hugging me, sometimes spanking my ass. Either way, it all comes from him, and I'll take it ■





PHOTOS BY HANSON, FOR SPIKEFOTO

# BRITISH NEO-FAGS

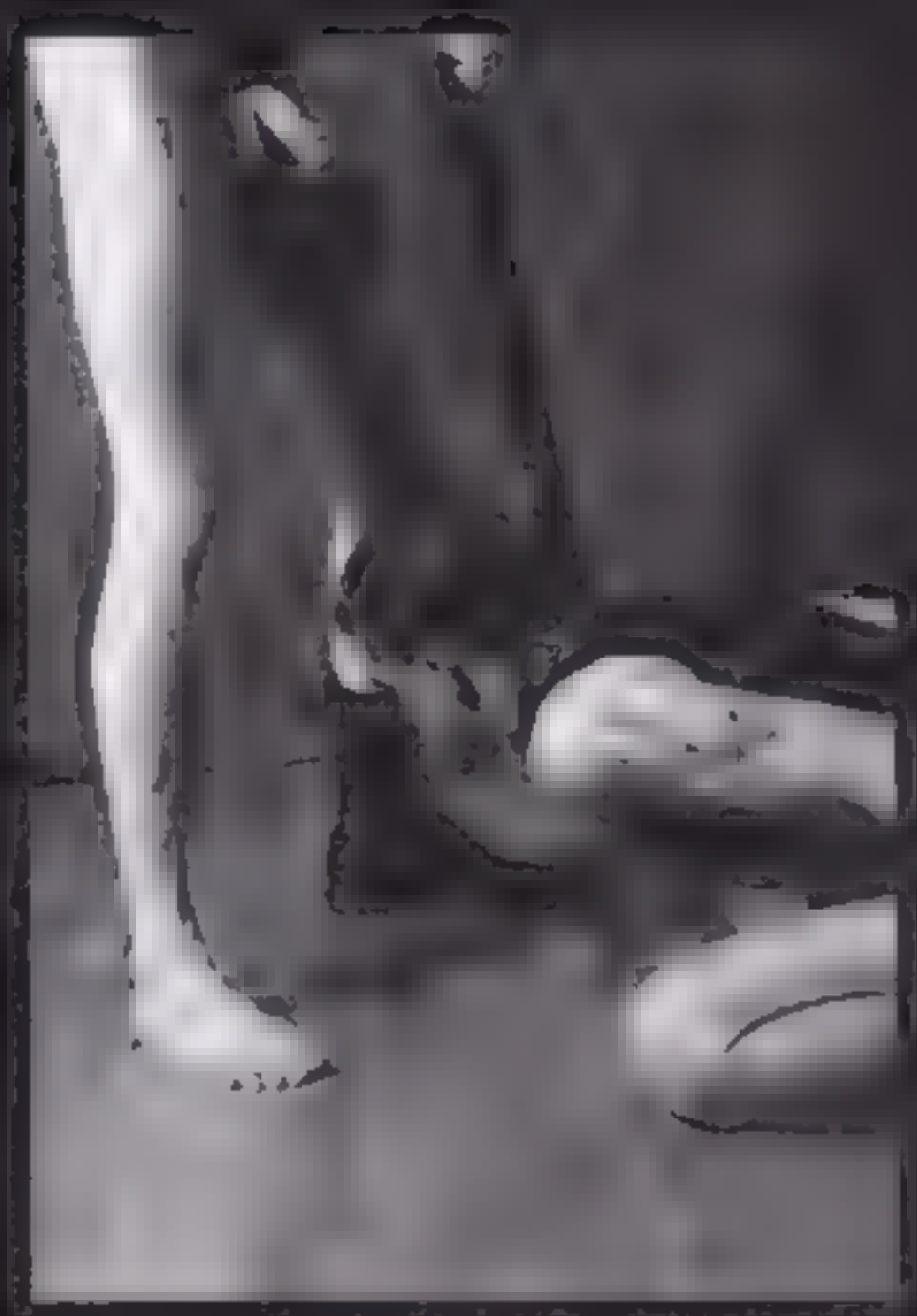
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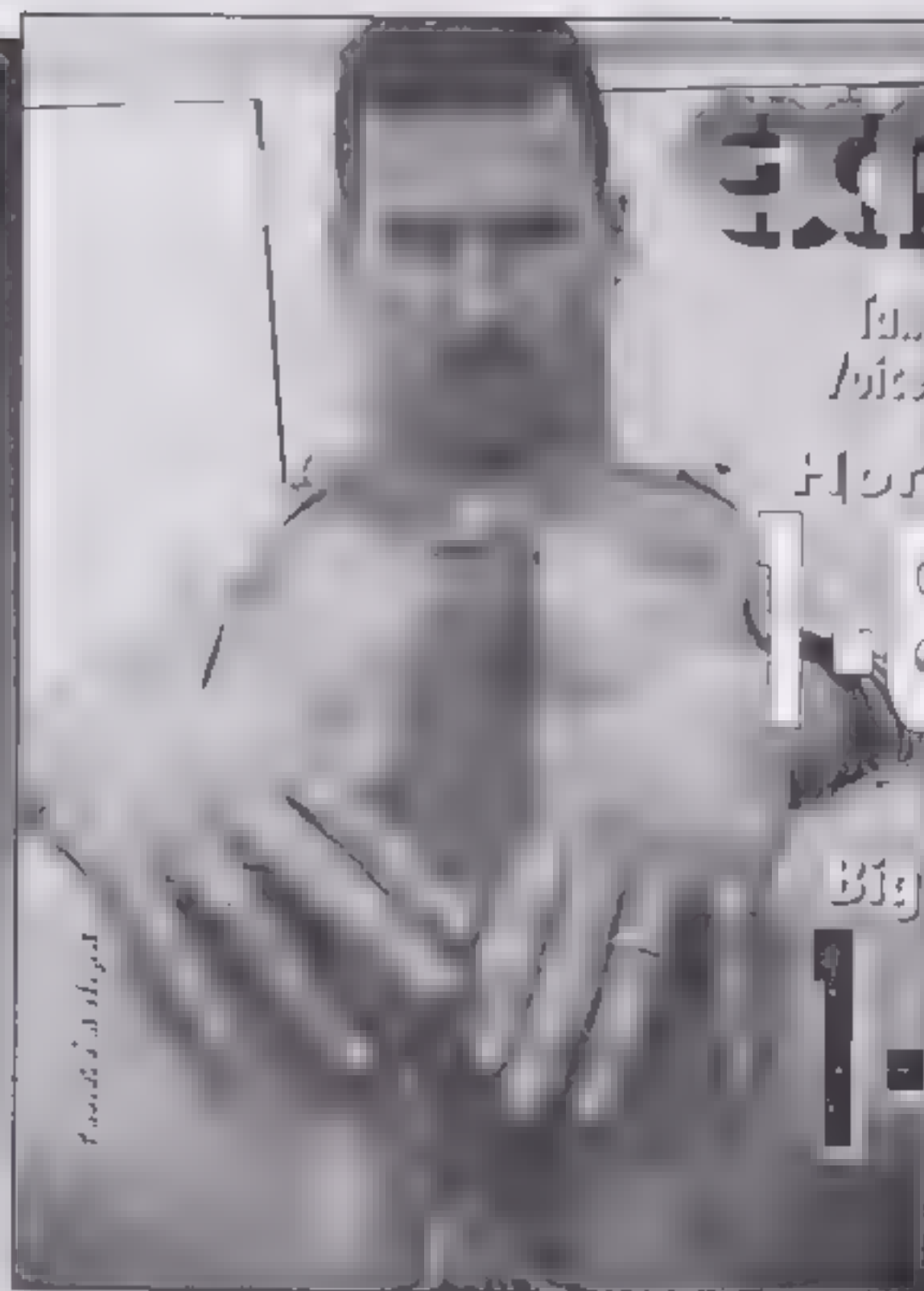
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## NATIONWIDE

### "RAGER BOY"

40 S. boystud 6'4 2 8# "new to scene" seeks tough Daddy and/or "Master" into all aspects of graduated sensual J&M. Recently discovered "nude sex" it's time to expand with "experienced hands" - wide geographic area. Private (\$5) 532 3707 before 11pm CST, or write Box 88354LF

### "LADYLIKE BOY"

Exhibitionistic, smooth, tight and hard, wanted for wild, hot, bound, dungeon sex; then bound cuddling or at my feet. Live in leather spandex and rubber, shockles and collar, in public and private. Me: 20's, 150# smooth and tight. I may look like an innocent boy, but I ride my boys hard. Photo/phone to Box 88521LF

### "YEAH, I'LL CALL YOU MR"

Once you earn it. Looking for a bad ass captor with the facility/attitude to enforce 3+ days of harsh, no-optional confinement. MH, 1530 Locust St. #22, Philadelphia, PA 9102. Call (215) 545-7615 before 11PM EST. No JO calls. Your place or your com mand. 5804LF

### "A TYPICAL BOY"

needed by a kinky bottom, 35yo, 6', 160# boyish Nordic looks. A desire to please and worship, cuddle to rough stuff. My wish is to submit, service and satisfy. Can travel East and West. Let me make your fantasy come true. Box 3610LF

### "A BOY KNOWS WHO'S BOSS"

and what boys are good for. Ultra muscular, hung, uncult. Top works fine outstanding. Submissive. I'm a boy who can learn to take orders, ask please & punishment and service a superior. I'm the guy who dreams of being used by you. This opportunity is real. Box

### "ACHTUNG SE KOMMANDANT"

Sedate. Military. Tuck n'ups guards military type for heavy discipline. Suspend on whipping. Flaggging. Medics & medical trips. For heavy duty pain. Call or write to an intimate situation. All answered. Photo phone right now. or travel extensively. MH, Box 34 529 Tampa, FL 33694 9c 5LF

### "ALABAMA STYLE PRISON FARM"

24 hour restrain heavy ions hard intense serious whipping flagging other CP. R. H. sought by a roughie big bear convict, 45yo, 6'11", 300+, HIV. Intensity of scene more important than sex. Heavy pain, whipmarks, OK, but safe only. Will travel 8941LF

### "ALL AMERICAN BEAR TITBIT"

5'5" 128# Seeks Bullied Dads, Colt Men, Amer. or indicators - healthy body mind spirit development. Joints adventure mutual body worship. business possible relationship. See rough stomer. 64-42 (DRUMMER # 63). Letter/nude photo gets mine & quick reply. 2142LF

### "APPEAL FOR BEYLLINGER"

Wanted: Raw, Muscular, Unstated Male. Physically imposing, mentally agile, sexually compliant & socially perverse. Object Structured, probing, fulfilling association with widely respected, very experienced, notorius, handsome & fit WM, 5'yo, 6'11", 200# 4c 5 P. Box 26375 San Diego CA 9 96-0335. 3696LF

### "ARE YOU MAN THOUGHTS"

Hot, hairy, country Daddy, 52yo, 6'5" 225#, rancher/seeks younger, masculine ranchhand/slave. Must enjoy outdoors hard physical work, sex. Send photo, letter of application. Box 128, Dale, TX 78616. LF

### "ASIAN MASTER WANTED"

WM, 5'6", 160# into verbal abuse & humiliation from Dominant Asian. Make me crawl, grovel, and worship, your cock, balls, feet, & armpits. PO Box 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142

### "ASIAN MASTER"

44yo handsome 5'7 50# muscular tan, hung, professional likes finer things in life. But also hot leather sex. Would like to meet my raunchy equal or hung muscular slaves. Photo and letter to PO Box 491 Honolulu, HI 96837 I travel to California often. 3562LF 6c

### "BETTER THAN THE BOOM"

NW FL 38yo 6' 170# BRN/BRN, hung & healthy, seeks man to man, leather/uniform action, boots, pss, bondage. Top or bottom labels not important. What counts: attitude, aptitude, & imagination. Your picture gets mine. Write I'm working. 88335LF

### "BIO KID THREE BROTHERS"

Sratch Fudon Master - I'll lock your fuckin ass, Fogl (213) 874- 859 Extra cruel

### "BARE ASS STRAPPING NEEDED"

For stud w/ hairless butt. I'm interested in a man in his 40s down in shed. Bare ass, semen, and early on my wince. Like big hairy, ugly rods verbal abuse 3 ways. Trainers and blue collar types are pluses. Hot attitude a must. Letters to PO Box 346 35 San Francisco CA 94 31 35 9 F

### "BARE BUTT RAISED"

Awarding the sting of the strap paddle or hand. WM 41yo 220 P 1 A P tattooed, pierced with cross play, photo requested, all answered. A PL Box 211 Clinton, MD 20735

### "BASEBALL"

WM 39 40# 37yo seeks start Major or Minor league Player. Each in MLB am very disciplined & sincere. You and baseball are everything. 2 69 5 52 365 F

### "BE MY GOOD SLAVEBOY"

WM professional 51yo 6' 2 2 0# R. B. BPN attractive seeks very good looking we built, waveboy partner age 26 30yo Master is w/ status living man who wants to share life with good boy who is seeking serious sexual bondages discipline and control. Enthusiastic, honest, serious only send letter w/ photo to photo phone to Box 4 enter R. Box 44, Washington, DC 200 6 9 30 F

### "BIGFOOTED BOY-TOY/PUP"

Wanted: My NS obedient 2 34yo m o gawking in charge type Texan 46yo 5 Photo 8835

### "BIKERS SEEK BROS"

4yo attracted bikers is search for a few bros. No Harleys, crotch leathers, tats, smoke filthy boots. WM just rock pits & tats mud grease leather nasty looks. Levis long into leather pants & shaggy. Let it touch fuckers. P. P. Box 4 524 221 24 Street New Kensington, PA 15114 43M 6c 8641LF

### "BLACK ARM-REST"

Have got a pinie for you, to rest your arm up my hot black asshole. This is for studs who are into assholes not girls balls. my asshole - B.E.C., P. Box 44, Jamaica NYC NY 11431 9236

### "BLUE COLLAR DICK WANTED:"

We're 28/42yo, hairy and horny, like to fuck and get fucked. Also into VA, Lite SM/BD. Daddy boy looking for masculine man to visit us in correspondence. Facial hair a must. 5 no smokers. R. A. PO Box 774 Buffalo NY 4 3 3683LF

### "BOOT MASTER"

Experienced leather rubber WM sadist seeks bisexual partner as my whipping, torture, bondage boy. boy will be used and abused while gagged hooded rubber enclosed and/or rectal give service. Master will exercise total control over bootlicker. 586 LF

### "BOOTLICKER NEEDS MASTER"

Mature GWM 6 5# wants younger J&M 30-50yo into leather rubber uni forms boot worship discipline SM WS TT whips. VA, sweaty armpits & crotches cow boys military types cops we like. Can have photo appreciated. 88340LF

### "BOY/SLAVE 1-416-683-9830"

Hot boy/slave, 36yo, 5'6", 130# long hair, beard, moustache, seeks handsome, masculine, experienced, hung Master/Daddy with 9" plus, uncult and hairy a plus. WS, VA, all bodily fluids, stretch my limits, wreck my holes. Travel relocation 4 6 603 9830 3500LF 6c

### "BOY TOY/DOGGY TOY"

Horny GWM, 33yo, 5'6" 135#, HIV, seeks Top/Dad into CBT shaving, WS, VA, Spanking, uniforms. Eager to please hot man. Photo gets mine. Live in Atlanta, travel the coast. 88493

### "BOYCUNT NOVICE NAKED TRIM"

Begs to obey. Please/serve, to be owned, used, trained. submit to its Daddy, Master 88482

### "BYCATCHER WANTED"

by leather Dads, 50yo, 5'11", 185# bearded, and 50yo, 5'10", 190#, shaved head w/beard pierced nipples & trinum. Seek eager bottom(s) for BD, TT CBT spanking, shaving, suspension, etc. Have equipped playroom near NYC & Philadelphia. Photo application a must. Box 3663LF

### "BREATH CONTROL TOP"

39yo, WM, 5'10" BLND/BLU, seeks bottom 25 40yo. Call AL at (7 6) 828-0717, 11-11.30 PM, EST

### "CANADIAN LAYERS FOR 45"

Wants Top/versatile studs into leather heavy ass play, verbal, boots, rimming, WS, rich cigars, tattoos, toys, also love to fist either hot pigs. Sample this hot Canadian Will travel or entertain in Toronto, Punka, leathermen, Monnes, cowboys, boytoys. 3701 LF 6c

### "CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST"

Dog/pig/slave craves humiliating existence. Service & worship boots on or off your hot feet with accomplished mouth, tongue and hands. Want to be trained by arrogant, demanding, whipmaster in the ultimate of foot worship & service. Dig oiled loggers, construction, combat boots, raunchy socks & sweaty feet for down-to-it, no-nonsense, mental & physical discipline & humiliation & degradation. Box 3663LF

### "CUTE BOY/DOGGY BOY"

33yo, 173#, 6'5" well-hung, affectionate loving, seeks masculine bear for relationship. Mutual ballplay, sucking, sexwork, rubber, soft SM. Mutual respect. No pain. Pierced/tattooed welcome. Body photo required. Jean-Louis Senega, 22 Rue Joudesville, 750 8 Paris, FRANCE

### "DAD SEEKS LOYAL SON"

Dad, 48yo, 5'10" 175#, seeks affectionate, cuddly, playful son 18+, needing his ass paddled. In bed, son should be positioned adventuresome, butch, kinky Topman. Permanent relationship for caring, loyal son. Photo and letter to 7400 Abercorn St #705 311, Savannah, Ga 3 406 LF

### "DAD AND SONS"

Younger/older meet the man of your dreams. B+ For more information, send a SASE to Mentor, 1278 Glennys # 40, Laguna Beach, CA 92651

### "DAD SEES SON FROM HELL"

Who will torture, taunt, use/abuse, expand limits into leather, dirty jocks, rubber, spandex. Dad exists for son's sadistic, lustful, depraved pleasure and desires to totally worship, serve and obey him. Drag dad into hell, son! Write: AL, Box 1356 Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10 59 3629LF 6c

### "DEEP THROAT SERVICE"

WM, 5'11", masculine, muscular, seeks position of service between legs of lean or well-built man who demands it and more. Atlanta and travel. 88349

### "DIE BUT AT YOUR SERVICE"

BM, 40yo, 6'1", husky build, mustache. My jewels/ass are in extreme need of being kicked by feet and boots. VA, cocksucking, JO, water sports, spankings, humiliation, and foot worship. Superior, white males preferred but all will be answered. Shalom 5882LF



in any of these classified ads you can connect with that person instantly by calling either of the Drummer Tough Line numbers. Full details on how to use this service appear on page 76.



## LEATHER MATE

Aggressive, 5'8" 179# BB, bottom soon to be Top, wants to learn the ropes, chains, and leather lifestyle from the bottom up. Serious, secure teachers/partners only. Will consider all leathersex possibilities. Short, in-shape men are a turn on. Replies with photo answered first. Box 8468 JF

## LEATHER SLAVE-SHOOT LOVE

Hey, you fuckin' devil brat, wearin' motor cycle jacket, leather jeans, engineer boots leather-hooded, bad dude. you're needed as suck-slave to this Harley ridin', leather crutchman Master/Daddy, wearin' cadpiece leather pants & engineer boots. I'm tall bearded Top-guy, 49yo, good shape. Heavy emphasis on leather-hooded cockslucking, sexual rituals, motorcycles, leather/rubber/crotch kink! Lean, unattached, leather/boot BOYS, 20-40yo. Apply w/ photo. Wizard. PO Box 640033, SF, CA 94164 0033. Uvin Ridin' Lustin' Lovin' Suckin' Fuckin' in leather.

## LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 49yo, 5'8" 150#, BRN/BLU, stache, looking for younger bro/sister into leather. From affection to kink must want to wear it all the time. Prefer slim dark hair with beard & stache, but will respond to all. Photo please. Write E.M. PO Box 463 Lahaska PA 893

## LEATHER COMPANION

Hot GWM looking for that special guy. Am 40yo 5'0" 150# uncult stache. The man I'd should be 40+ stache uncult into leather, like SM, like TT, CBT, CB play, anal w/ rubbers, Top/bottom, like classical music, travel boots, romantic. Easy going A+ to Scorpio, salt/pepper A+. No blondes no beards, no smokes, please write w/ photo. No earnings. Will relocate for ideal man. I know you're there. B470

## LEIVE/WHISTLING/LEATHER

WM, 41yo, 6'4" BRN/BRN, clean shaven leiv/leather stud into street fights, SM, BD ball work (kneeling, punching, etc) Rough no-holds-barred action. You. 18-35yo, rock punk, skinhead, BB, into same. 501's, boots smoke, aroma, Tops, bottoms, groups. Write to 7000 Boulevard E., Apt # 5 A Gutterburg, N.J. 07093 3580LF 64

## LIVE TO HEAVY HALLPLAY

Mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ballplay - stretching, squeezing, fondling gentle to heavy, cuddling to kinky, including catheters, sounds, enemas, prostate massage, TT. Safe, mutual Top/bottom contact. PO Box 6069, JFK STATION, Boston, MA 02114. 3549LF 62

## LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

By hot, 6', muscular Master, 34yo. Your limits will be expanded until you are the ultimate slave. Total obedience will provide you with financial security and a life worth living for your Master's pleasure. Write with photo/phone to: Occupant. PO Box 3607, N New Hyde Park, NY 11040

## MALE/WHORE

Powerful, attractive, successful man. 47yo. BLK/BRN, moustache, hairy, seeks hot-looking and attractive, young, man/boy to use and nurture. Intense dominance/submission. Bob, PO Box 7291 Phoenix, AZ 85017 7291 3619LF 62

## MARRIAGE WANTS MORE

6'1 1/2", 205# youthful 63yo, GWM, Daddy Top, manrider wants any age, big, strong, heavyset, son/bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, safe sex, etc with me. J.L. PO Box 395, Melrose Park, IL 60160 3565LF 62

## MASTER IN DISPLAY

Straight-type redneck, 34yo, muscular & hot, seeks exhibitionist slave, any race, as permanent property. Heavy humiliation, exhibition, display, public exposure, BD, CBT strict training, and control. Serious only. 3700LF

## WHATEVER YOU'RE INTO

just take a photo of it and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #9 MAGAZINE. Details on page B1

## MASTER SEeks SLAVE, SLAVE

Master: 44yo, tall, well-built hairy, clean-cut successful, educated, seeks slave, 18-30yo smooth, hard, defined BB's needing Master to guide your life. Will train inexperienced with superior physique. HIV- only. Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114 (617) 437 1821 5304LF

## MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY/SON

Young, honest, obedient, into leather, spanking w/hand/strap/paddle. No experience. Ok, will train. Possible live-in. Me: 45yo, 5'11", 190#, very masculine, stud, under standing, affectionate, healthy & safe. Seeking long term. Write J. Spencer, Box 1455 Rocky Point, NY 11778. 3638LF

## MATURE, INTELLIGENT BOY

needs playful Dad/Big Brother. WM, 33yo 5'7" 142# beard, handsome, loving, sub masive BD, TT, hoods, ass play, enemas, spanking, cuddling, companionship. Will try catheters, slings, strap jackets, more. You are masculine, mature, dominant, attractive hairy, caring, HIV- Safe, drug free only. Letter, photo, and phone to Michigan 3714LF

## MATURE BODY SLAVE WANTED

over 40yo, for monogamous relationship. You must need to serve, be into total submission, crave humiliation, and into fucking my feet sucking my cock, drinking my piss. I'm 60yo 5'8", 145# HIV- Letter/photo to Box 329 Sunset CA 90742 7728LF

## MEAN AND NASTY NOVICE

WM, 45yo, 5'8", 170#, BRN/GRN, good shape, above average looks, HIV- wants experienced buddy to show me the ropes (and more). I've got an intense, extremely vivid imagination and a sadistic streak a mile wide. Gul-punching, rape, wrestling and beating scenes, verbal abuse, weapons, anything aggressive makes me hot. Limited resources but really eager to learn more! Chicago and surrounds. Photo a must. 3546LF

## MID-ATLANTIC SLAVES

If you're willing to submit, serve, be used and taken to your limits, then this 37yo, Italian Master wants to hear from you. 5868

## MIDWEST DOG SLAVE - SPIKE

40yo multi owned by 3 yo Daddy, used as inna - iqar ashtray and total slave. Friendly wants to watch my bitch hole mounted for real. Pain, degrading, sickness and scenes taught to me use inna - abuse me. Travel possible, cigars A+ Spike. PO Box 2765 Ann Arbor MI 48106 3600LF 64

## MILITARY MAN IN GERMANY

Young German, 33yo, well built, heavy into uniforms, especially camouflage suits and heavy combat boots. looks for full uniformed and booted "SM friend" in the USA. Also guys into tight leather and heavy rubber is welcome. I would like to exchange letters (in English or German) with you, also I'm interested in mutual visits. 5901

## MILITARY MAN

Looking for slim, WM, butch, clean-cut college student or serviceman into leather SM, boots, and bondage. Dad will take good care of you and your needs. Travel USA. Dad: WM, 50yo, HIV- Letter w/ photo/ picture required. 5860LF

## MAMA THE MAMA - ALL ABOUT

WM, 46yo, 5'9", 150#, Brown hair, beard big nose, cut, low hangers. Kinky/bizarre Top/bottom/mutual, Rts, hole stretching, pain, rouch, tattoos, piercings, uncuts, piercers, weapons, shaving, solon, sloppy sex. Any race. Karl B36 Wheeler Roadstock IL 60098 (815) 338-9137, AM's & Fri Sat Holidays. 3707LF

## MR. MAMA - REALITY

Permanent live-in slave position. Must have nonquestioning attitude, my pleasure/your desire. into SM, BD, CBT TT, WS, VA, toys, mind/body control & more. Me: 42yo, 6'85#, BRN/GRN, beard, total Top & hung. You: 21-50yo, bottom. Send photo, phone & experiences to Box 8950LF

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## DEMOTE BAINFOURTY ECONOMY

Seeks radical, masochist sub to share non-leather term life with on the tinnate but rowdy bruiser, 36yo, 5'10", 240# beard into C&W music, whiskey, smoke, guns. You fuck-taca, punch/kick-bag, teddy bear 30-40yo, beard, HIV (-) at "Bud" 206 374 9441 "NO BULLSHIT" 3545LF &c

## MYRNA, S/M

Tall, slender, in-shape male, seeks buddy into mutual scenes - outdoors & plus, nudity, shaving, cactus bondage, stake out, crucifixion, pinching, ritual S/M and kink. Please be imaginative and love to experiment. Can travel anywhere, photos welcome. 36 y/o

## RUBBER/LEATHER MUSCLE BOY

29yo, 5'9", 180# handsome workhorse for moderate-heavy mutual scenes including bondage, CBT, WS, pain (heavy pec/TI, A+). Have healthy mind/body/spirit and equipped M/E playroom. Relationship possible. Write: 51 3380 Shendon Amherst NY 14226. BB4 VI

## LADITIC BONDAGE MASTER

seeks masochists for hours of strict bondage and erotic pain. Bound, spread eagle, you will beg through your gag as I torture your ass and tits. Your balls will be slapped and squeezed while you struggle and beg. I want you. I'm 34yo, 5'9", 185# GYM You want to be under 40yo Chicago area A State only. Send photo and needs to Box 3569LF &c

## SAILOR SEEKS PISS MATE

CAPT with sailing 5' 6" 160# BRN. B+ hung, thin beard, in shape 44yo versatile seeks mate to explore kinks & each other. Mate is in-shape, hung, HIV -NS, 20-50yo, versatile & crave adventure in & out of bed. Relationship oriented. Let show you. FLORIDA 3702LF

## SEEKING MASOCHIST FOR

T, A, W, Y, K, M, P. Every form of torture, use abuse physical & mental anguish and permanent marks. You exist or you work at extreme sadist. I am 40yo, 6' 6" 185# with a gym body, educated professional. You total masochist 40-50yo in-shape healthy. Your kinks 2 in the right attitude is most important. No water to CA serious only. No 2nd or 3rd. M. Send letter phone photo to box 3590LF &c

## SEKPERT BOY/SLAVE

American professional 44yo, 6' 6" 185# HIV seeks boy good-looking, hung, 20-30yo, 5' 6" 140# 150# 160# 170# 180# 190# 200# 210# 220# 230# 240# 250# 260# 270# 280# 290# 300# 310# 320# 330# 340# 350# 360# 370# 380# 390# 400# 410# 420# 430# 440# 450# 460# 470# 480# 490# 500# 510# 520# 530# 540# 550# 560# 570# 580# 590# 600# 610# 620# 630# 640# 650# 660# 670# 680# 690# 700# 710# 720# 730# 740# 750# 760# 770# 780# 790# 800# 810# 820# 830# 840# 850# 860# 870# 880# 890# 900# 910# 920# 930# 940# 950# 960# 970# 980# 990# 1000# 1010# 1020# 1030# 1040# 1050# 1060# 1070# 1080# 1090# 1100# 1110# 1120# 1130# 1140# 1150# 1160# 1170# 1180# 1190# 1200# 1210# 1220# 1230# 1240# 1250# 1260# 1270# 1280# 1290# 1300# 1310# 1320# 1330# 1340# 1350# 1360# 1370# 1380# 1390# 1400# 1410# 1420# 1430# 1440# 1450# 1460# 1470# 1480# 1490# 1500# 1510# 1520# 1530# 1540# 1550# 1560# 1570# 1580# 1590# 1600# 1610# 1620# 1630# 1640# 1650# 1660# 1670# 1680# 1690# 1700# 1710# 1720# 1730# 1740# 1750# 1760# 1770# 1780# 1790# 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4 DRUMMER 75



## HEALTHY MAN ITS PRIVILEGE

GWM, executive, 6'3", 242#, good build. HIV- travels the world. New to scene, seeks someone I can trust to enjoy my lifestyle with Me: m 48yo. You? Send photo and phone a must to Box 572 Gwynedd Valley, PA 9437 - outside Philly. Tell me about yourself 3526LF 6s

## WELL-BUILT BAREBACK BOTTOM

Handsome and well-built bottom, 25yo, looking for friendship with strong minded & bodied man. Need Dominance Control & Security at home, while by your side in public. Main focus is bondage and confinement interests include TT CBT safe sex showing, enemas, and catheters. Photo/phone to Jeff Taylor, PO Box 19288 Pittsburgh, PA 15213 3576LF 6s

## YOUNG MAN SLAVE ISO TRAINING

Goodlooking, nice body, ISO person to show me the ropes. I have no experience but am eager to learn. Need young, hot man to tell me what it's all about. Please Sir! 88483

## YOUNGER BROTHER/BOYFRIDAY

Soulmate for life, "yes Sir, can-do" attitude for use in Cabinet business. Boy who can swap engines or handy with spray gun is an second base for 6'4", 40yo Dad. A tease experienced with results. Likes whips, restraints, VA, and athletic uniforms. Boy will work hard and play hard. 8838LF

## YOUR TRIM NAKED BODY HERE

to obey & please, to be loved, appreciated, nurtured, to be owned, used, trained, dominated to submit & surrender to its safe secure Masters/Daddies NOW, not "maybe someday" Bill & Dick, 54 East Main Fayetteville, PA 17222 Make it happen 594 LF

## YOUR FIVE - MY FACE

30yo. GWM, available to get hit in the face with plea PO Box 7432, Philly, PA 19 0

## ZEN BROTHERHOOD RISING

Zen Master HIV-, seeks a few hard men to live a communal, stress-free life. Hard work and hard sex = Happy, harsh discipline of rinzai-christian path. Mild SM, limits respected, novices ok after a secure life not a scene 2 year minimum term. 35784LF 6s

## ALABAMA

### BARE BACK WHIPPING

Looking for step-Dad who believes in whipping son on back, not ass, with razor strap I got it growing up and miss it. 38yo, 5' 0" 155#, can travel. Serious Dad, not Master slave, domestic type discipline. Write Box 9243LF

### PHONE JERK

Fuckhead wants brain pumped by mean loudmouth, dirty old men of experience and deepshit. Virulent intensity. 55yo, GWM, 170#, 5'6" 7 1/2" uncult, neck 16" bicep 13" A" waist 32" chest 42" calf 5 1/2" thigh 21" Auditions only after 10pm CST Survivor triathlon training pumping iron. Want my inattentable holes disciplined by hot Tops (Bobby, 205-976-53 8) Box 8516LF

## NO. CALIFORNIA

### ANONYMOUS BOY WANTED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a domineering Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lessons in humiliation and service. GWM, 46yo, 5'8" No Drugs 8475LF 6s

### BAREBACK WHIPPING

Goodlooking, experienced, young slave seeks brutal but understanding Master for heavy, bareback whipping w/cat. Special interest in military, Navy and prison Rogging. Serious and ready. No bullshit! Replies with photo/letter to 9032LF

## FINE THING HOLDS WANTED

Top man wants well-trained bottoms into fists & big plugs. No JO. (415) 752-0971

## QUEY WANT ME AS A SLAVE

would rather be owned as a lover 40yo. WM seductive handsome 5'6" 40# HIV- BUK/BLU, assertive and strong willed, yet submissive and responsive to a firm hand (not FF) of a playful man with an adventurous/kinky edge. Obsessive oral action. Be SINCERE. He NS around my age, older, open to letter. 8469

## HOT FUCKING BODY WORSHIP

Daddy/Master needs slave/son 20-40yo NOW! Requires an eager, passive participant for hard, long, tough, beautiful, inventive mouth and ass fucking. I'm late 40's, 6'200#, 56P beard. I'll work your ass off! Letter/photo/phone to box. 3547LF 6s

## I NEED TO SHUFF YOUR HOLE

Nice-looking WM, 47yo, seeks contact with younger, dominant guy of any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts and worship your ripe asshole. Write: Chuck, Box 51201 Palo Alto, CA 94303. LF

## IDaho LEVI/LEATHER COWBOY

needs buddy/DAD/regular Joe. Am 31yo 5' 0" 68# HIV- BRN/BLU stoche/beard balding, hairy, burly, hung goodlooking, novice likes fun dirty movies TT BBT WS ranch, experienced, in-charge men. Bears, bikers, truckers A- 30-45yo. Hungry and good times, smoke/grime/aftered states OK 3706LF

## LEATHER/LEVI LOVER

3 yo WM, HIV-, 5'8" 145# BRN/BLU, financially/mentally secure, caring individual looking for cuddling and romance, as well as Levi/leather boots, Lite SM, CBT WS. Possess both qualities? Write SS, PO Box 531 San Luis Obispo, CA 93406-0531 All answered. Travel to SF & LA often

## LEATHER TOPMAN

Masculine WM, 40yo, 6'3" 210# 8", fully loaded, seeks hot mouths for oral service. Inexperienced/couples are ok. No SM. Seek only those who respect leather. FF/toys/WS also. Call (209) 572 3573

## LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Very handsome, moderately severe, San Francisco Daddy, 42yo, 6', 205# average on down. You must be younger, well hung ready for total ownership. WS a must. Roy (4 5) 695 9599 No phone sex. SERIOUS ONLY! Call before 11pm. 3556LF 6s

## MAINE GUY FRIEND

Handsome, masculine, hairy, Italian, rough, dry, radical, sexual adventurer seeks hot animal sex with men that love dogs. PO Box 134, 1104 Folk St. SF CA 94109

## MUSCLE BEEF-FEET 94

Beefy Italian 88, 5'9", 200#, very goodlooking, 31yo, built and strong, seeks other muscleboys for rough housing, domination, sweating and pumping each other up. Send photo & leather I'm flexible. 88338

## MIDWESTERN NYUO HERDE DADDY

Handsome, 29yo, 6' 200# solid, BLND/BLU, stoche, needs study Master with muscles, cops, rugged types, cowboys, who can Dominate this hunk with TT, ass beatings, discipline & training. Drilling afterwards. Safe only. Photo/phone & gets some. Thank you Sir! 9230LF

## PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

Prolonged heavy bondage, CBT, SM, pain training, service & use. Leather, rubber & boots. Total submission expected in/out of dungeon. Total care possible. Us: slim, hung, HIV-, GWM. Master 6, 42yo, professional. Write CTT, PO Box 14673, SF CA 94114 3525LF 6s

## WIMMY WIMMY ANIMY PUMPH

just take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #9 MAGAZINE. Details on page B1

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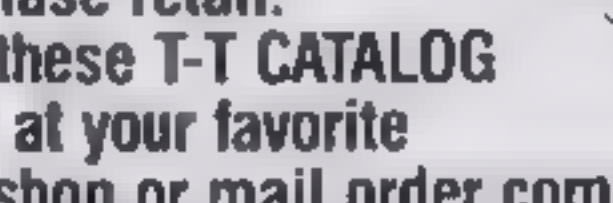
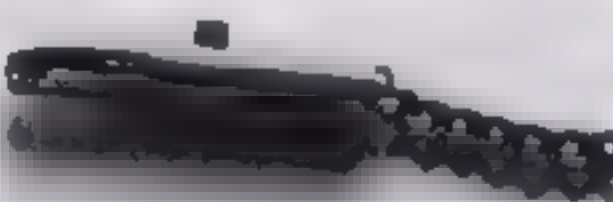
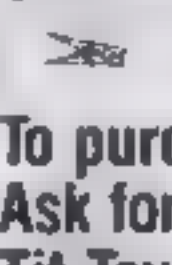
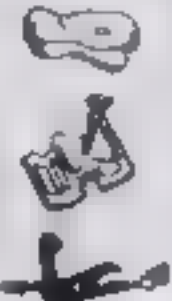
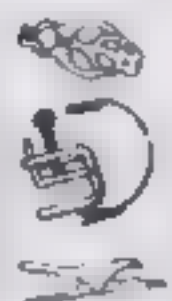
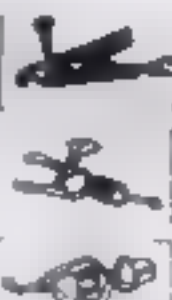
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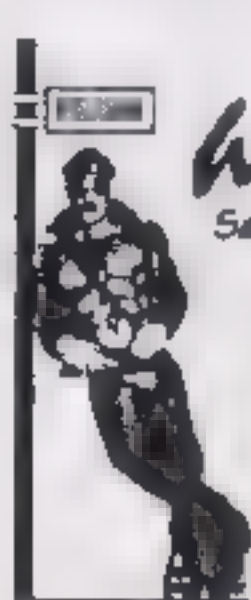
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### LEARN TO MASTER YOURSELF

Ugly, hairy, & Macho preferred but all looks OK. Don't expect an equal buddy or lover. His masochist offers Ritual sex & the companionship of a well trained dog. Out of shape slave is HIV. 61yo, 6' 230# toothless/tattooed. (5 0) 443-3083 3627LF 63

### SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

Novice bottom, 30yo, seeks experienced patient, understanding and in shape Top to work out with and train me in SM. I am committed to getting in shape with your help while learning to please you in bed. My interests include BD, CBT, TT, showing, spanking. If you are a Top and have the experience, patience, and understanding to work out with me and train me, then this could be the opportunity you've been waiting for. Uncut & plus. Photo/phone & must. 912BLF

### SO. CALIFORNIA

#### BOOTED HEADED BIKIE TOP

48yo, 5'11", 150# seeks pigman boy(s) for total oral service, WS, discipline etc. All scenes considered. Age, size, type, tech, are less important than attitude. Send details of desires, limits, etc. (photos welcome) to SIR PO Box 27642 LA, CA 90027 3676LF

#### HUNGRY LEATHERMAN WANTED

Expert cocksucker wants to service masculine, hung men on a regular basis (1 on 1 group). I am masculine WM, 46yo, 5'11" 195#. If you want to repeatedly cum down my throat please call Mike in Long Beach before 9 PM, or anytime on Monday at (310) 919-3733

#### I GIVE SEVERE WHIPPINGS

Very severe. Take it like a man. Your place or mine. PO Box 1051 Studio City, CA 91614

#### LET'S PLAY IN OUR LEATHER

Young, lusty latin loves to have fun with other young leather wrapped guys who thoroughly enjoy musky sweet smell & sight of skin tight leathers trapped over leather smooth brown skin while having sex. Send photo & phone to P.O. Box 2, Hayward CA 94541 59 BLF 63

#### MUSCULAR & INTO PICS/TITE

Very hot muscular guy, 6, 198# with giant pecs and pig nipples. Seeks same. I'm mas. curvy, short haired, very good looking. I'm usually Top but also versatile. Looking for very muscular men into leather scenes and especially to play. Call (213) 461 3277 LF

#### IMMENSE ENJOY BARDY

WM, 5'11", 175#, 54yo, young looking, average build and looks, 6" uncut, shaved balls. This Leather Daddy is Top or bottom. Experienced to satisfy your every need. HIV+. Any race answer with picture to: V. Stan 3410 Meadow Brook, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 3552LF 63

#### PIG BOTTOM?

Goodlooking Top, 5'9", 150# BRN/BLU, workout, HIV-, seeks slim guy into bnl, BD, WS, leather, safesex, fantasy etc. Box 5794

#### PISS BOTTOM (THIRSTY)

In a GWM, 33yo, brown hair, green eyes, w/ B\* cock. You be B\* or SWM between 30-50yo, good shape with a hairy chest & uncut cock & plus. Loaded with piss. Let me completely service your cock. No tats or lents. I like real Men. Call Jeff at (714) 449-8113 Fullerton, CA 3543 63

#### PRISON/ARREST

You are a well-muscled, strung-up, captured soldier worked over by a 6, 160# interrogator with a tight body, 29" waist and 41" chest. If you fit the description of the prisoner, drop a note and photo to MC PO Box 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. 8442LF

### FOR SEVERE CAS/BS BROTHER

GWM 35yo, 6' 165# BRN/HZL bottom with nice hole, seeks tall lean, leather Top with facial hair for GR/action. 5903

### STUD TOP SXS FUCK/RIM O/P

You be Muscular clean, horny, HIV- stud with insatiable hole for deep ass sucking, rimming, fucking, with thick Muscular eggs. You be Muscular hairy ass slave & we go for hours. Also dig shaving, bondage & FF. If you want it, send photo/phone to Rick 839 Covina Blvd #329 Covina, CA 91722

### SUBMISSION & WHIP LOVER

6'2", big bearded daddy, can switch Top/bottom for fit and CBT. Stretch limits in my home-dungeon. Have Toys, mutual ballplay, sucking, whipping. Serious only T/C. Msg (909) 948 2137 discrete

### UNCUT TOP

W/Master, 41yo, 5'11", 175# good fucker seeks: tight, butch, bottom with hairy legs + BBL butt, who likes it rough and kinky. Must be clean, in shape & obedient. Bi/married, couples/roce/inexperience OK. SM/BD/VA/SP/WS limits respected/expected. Full photo & explicit letter with phone mandatory. Do it now! 3524LF

### WANTED: JUNGLE SLAVE

Muscular, masculine, leather Daddy/Top seeks men in nipple work, B/D, C/B who get down and take orders. Call (714) 461 3277 9251LF

### WHITE TOP/DAD/SIR

Wanted by WM, BOTTOM. I'm 43yo, 5' 11", 210#, hairy, husky bear cub, BRN/HZL beard & stoche, hot tits, mouth & tight hole. Looking for Tops/relationship. Am FRA/p, GR/p, TT, WS, use BD, anal play, toys, boots, leather levis, hairy bod & am HIV-/no drugs. LA, CA area. JS. PO Box 67806, LA, CA 90067 59 7LF

## COLORADO

### MAJORITY SLAVE AVAILABLE

Ready & willing to serve Master. Right attitude. Need direction in BD, SM, TT, WS, anal work and more. Have collar. Can entertain & travel to receive proper training. 6' 200# clean shaven, hairy. Don, Box 9151 Colorado Springs, CO 80932

## CONNECTICUT

### MAN TO MAN

GWM, 50, 6', 185#, BR/BR, clean shaven, pierced nipples, good shape. Enjoys Mwork, bondage and expansion of limits with the right partner. Reside in Conn, 1 hour from NYC. Respond with photo and phone, plus personal description. 3609LF 63

## CG METRO

### ITV MALE, DOMINANT & VIOLENCE

Lovers, mid 30's, pierced, masc, FFA members looking for kinky, imaginative men. Interests include FF, WS, sounds, enemas, tats, TT, piercing, BD, U, SM, leather hoods & 7. Will teach beginners. Limits honored/expanded on request. Play safe. 9220LF

### BOMBASTIC ITSM

Hot leather slave, 40's, handsome, lean muscular, seeks intense scenes with serious leather Master. Safe only, travel widely. 5943LF

### BE YOUR SLAVE

Attractive WM, 34yo, 5'11", 190# JG build wants to be a slave for group of men or 1 on 1. Into dog training, mouth fucking, whipping, hot was, dildoes, etc. Pet owners, let me be your total shuff. Send detailed letter with photo. Travel is no problem. 5876LF



## HATTERY TOP IN A-Z AREA

Executive, sophisticated, spiritual, muscular goodlooking, healthy, 45yo, 5'10, 190# nice abs chest, arms, dick, dark hair but bald with stache. Into heavy but some SM. BD, whippings, CBT, TT, wax, electricity, suspension, etc. Seeking younger, with shit to gether, masoch st/buddy. Travel USA 5938LF

## THIS PARTNER WANTED

GWM, 42yo, 40# beard, balding, uncut hairy ass. Top, bottom or mutual for the following: dumping on face, smearing, teasing it spitting farts, anemas, whipping shitholes. Not into eating, but will happily take a dump in your mouth if you want. Age & looks unimportant. Serious only. BB474

## WAS BODYBUILDER MANDATORY

Lean, muscular, 45yo, 5'11, 175#, 45% 3'w. Navy seal. Fr/A, Gr/P seeks lean non-smoking Master. Whatever rules, attire use/abuse, whipping req. Relate to Story of O. 9 1/2 Weeks, Beauty's Punishment. JW PO Box 44029 Ft Washington, MD 20749 9 63LF

## SM/BD/KINK - 24 HOURS

Sadistic, Nazi skinhead Butch, Dominant Top Some Defined body, 6'2", 165# fully pocked scars, low hangers. Multi pierced tattooed brute force. VA chains. Limits respected, expanded, broken, travel. (407) 436 1183 "Cutter" 35 2LF 64

## FLORIDA

### DAYTONA BEACH

2 GWM, BB's, 30's, into post work-out, B&D bare ass whip'n with other training partners for slacking, and/or lean, mean buck who needs his sweat taken down & his bare butt blistered with the strap. POB 2652 Daytona Beach FL 32115 2652 3620LF 64

### THE SUBMISSIVE

Totally submissive bootlicker desires domination. Fuck with my mind. I am ready to submit for your pleasure to long sessions of safe sex, BD, VA, WS, shaving, spanking and piercing. Please write explicit letter and photo. All Masters answered obediently. PO Box 4434 Miami FL 331 6 3543LF

### MY GENITALS BIG FOR IT

Attractive 33yo, HIV-, seeks GM, 18-35 for mutual SM interests includes BD, CBT, TT vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, catheters. Looking for safe/sane individual who can take & give with respect. Give me a workout & I'll do the same to you. Young uncut Latin, Asian or Black a plus but not required. (305) 534 1516 LF

### WITH BODY BUILDER BUT

In-shape GWM, 38yo, seeking GWM, body builder, into being abused. VA, BD, SM. No muscles-no action-no exceptions. Orlando (BUOI) 422 0736 will give total service to contest ready Master. No JO calls

### DRUMMER ORLANDO

Dominant, muscular, bearded, WM, 35yo 5' 0" 90# into verbal control seeks an in-shape mature bondage bottom who needs to obediently serve. Tampa. BB307

### ORAL PLEASURE

43yo, WM into sucking cock and kissing ass. Serious only. Seeking masculine men. Call Rick (305) 786-1749 3551LF 64

### PHI OMEGA PI

recruiting 2 sadists and 2 masochists, any age or race, to create a live-in commune for full time S/M in spiritual context. Hot gang rapes, 365 nights a year! Looks don't count but must have means, good body, super health, location open. 3538LF

### PIE EMBROIDERED

by goodlooking, bearded daddy Young til lies, healthy, slim & fit, works out. Into drama masochists, pits, piss, kicking holes and more looking for fit, masculine men, 25-60yo, for friendship, mutual raunch. Travel US, letter with photo to A. Rainmaker, PO Box 37934 Jacksonville, FL 32236. BB339LF

## SLAVE SEEKS STRICT MASTER

WM, 30yo, masculine attractive, 5'7" 9 HIV+ healthy seeks blond, blue collar, well built Master. 21 45yo, who commands total servitude/ownership. BD, VA, WS. TT Your rules. Sml Fort Lauderdale Photo/Instructions to Box 9160LF

## WATERPROOF

Masculine, GWM, 48yo, 5'6, 135#, HIV seeks intelligent Top/mutual, HIV- for WS FF light SM. Brow/Palmbeach area. 5797

## GEOORGIA

### DADDY AND SON/SLAVE

WM, 38yo, 6' 170# good build, safe/sane. HIV- You HIV and submissive, no exp. required, no smoke or drugs. CBT, TT BD, limits disc. Relationship possible. Stand naked and hard for Daddy, ready for inspection and his caring instructions. Mandatory bio and photo req. to M Brand, POB 53766, Atlanta, GA 30355 3554LF 64

### GIVE & TAKE BY EXHIBITION

GWM, 42yo, 5'10" 155# stache, smooth shaved balls, 7" cut HIV seeks WM's 18-50yo, for safe fun in mutual BD, WS, SM, TT VA, CBT, spankings, photo/videoing, 11 more. No late/phone JO Inexperienced OK Midtown Atlanta (404) 872 4853 by 11p m. Sign Possible relationship. 3518LF

### MUSCLE BOY NEEDS TRAINING

Hot, masculine muscle boy, 5'10", 165# 30yo, needs hot man to humiliate, dominate, and use me and my tight white ass. I need to serve. Sml Send photo. BB14

### SEEKING YOUNG LEATHERBOYS

Hot GWM, leatherman, 36yo, seeks boys 18-35yo. Limits respected, novices OK. Requirements: boyish good looks and a craving for leather. Other interests: boots, bondage, and TT. Reply with photo to 595 Piedmont Ave NE #566 Atlanta, GA 30308 LF

### STIMULATE AGAINST MY NEPHEW

Goodlooking, masculine leather sadist 30yo, 6' 220# BRN/BLU, highly educated professional, seeks goodlooking, straight acting, muscles, 21 45yo with cocky attitude who needs but resists heavy prolonged bondage, torture, rope etc. Struggle and scream to no avail! Send photo. Travel. 3516LF 64

### SUBMISSIVE 21 YR OLD BOY

Very goodlooking WM, 5'10", 160# B, cocky, college swimmer. Seeks Masculine Dominant and Confident Man/Mentor. I've only 2yrs of experience but realize I was born to serve you. I'm obedient and your needs always put first. Photo/letter to Box 7492 Atlanta GA 30309 3539LF 64

### TOILET PIG NEEDS USHI

Raunchy, piss drinking, shit sucking pig loves to suck & lick dirty feet, boots, needs using bad. All other scenes encouraged. Dirty as you want. Pig is 5'11", 170# call (404) 887 7608 Atlanta

## HAWAII

### ASIAN TRAINER WANTED

Newly awakened, WM, seeks Asian guide into CBT, BD, TT FF spanking. Trainee is 50's, 5'8" 145# safe/safe Guide should be 35+, sane & sane. Letter/Photo BB473

### BUCK WANTED

Topman 36yo, 5'10", 180# gymbody seeks in-shape bottom, men/boys into serious assplay, BD, TT, and other games. Send letter with photo (no photo/no reply) to POB 4560 Honolulu, HI 96812 4560 3564LF

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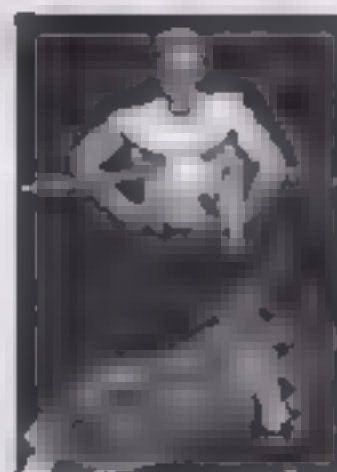


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## NE ADA

### SEXY MASCULINE TOP

in-shape, 32yo, 6'4" BRN/BLU, 185# bot-  
tom seeks experienced Top into TT. CBT 80  
body shaves, enemas. Want to expand expe-  
rience Vegas area Safe only. BB457

## NEW JERSEY

### OWN SLAVES 18-37

GWM, Master, 6' 220# seeks slave into  
CBT, TT whipping, electric, enemas in bond-  
age. Also into skinning, ww, canoeing, biking,  
backpacking. Have complete basement play  
room. Seeks live-in. Central NJ near I-78 &  
I-287. Call or at (908) 874 6909 3631LF

### LATHER AND DAUGH

36yo, 5'10" HIV+ healthy, dirty minded  
guy with well equipped dungeon seeks de-  
veloped playmates for fun and/or possible  
relationship into S&M scenes, heavy asswork  
and raunch. I've got average looks and  
build, enjoy a suburban lifestyle, computers  
and motorcycles. I prefer Top but will switch  
for the right player. NJ NYC commuter (908)  
953 0221 No JO CALLS! 3558LF &c

### TORTURE TURN YOU INN

Experienced Sadist seeks young (18-30yo)  
well-built captives, man enough to endure  
imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and  
torture in my extraordinarily equipped dun-  
geon. Limits explored & expanded. More  
interested in classic torture scenes than leather  
sex. (908) 874 6725 3662LF

## NEW MEXICO

### MAKING DOMINANCE

WM, 44yo, professional, clean, educated  
into pain, rigid restraint and total control. As-  
beating, electricity, long intense SM, Whips,  
crops, Steel, rope, hoods, gags. If playing  
rough and on the edge is your thing, please  
write 3605LF

## NEW ORK

### MAKING DOMINANCE

40's "boyfud", 6'4" 218# "new to scene"  
seeks tough "Daddy" and/or "Master" into  
all aspects of gradual & sensual SM. Recently  
discovered "true self" & it is time to expand  
with "experienced hands". Travels wide pro-  
graphic area. Call (5 5) 532 3707 before  
p.m. CST, or write box 8923LF

### 100% UNBORN SLAVEMENT

To serve bearded, booted BearMaster, 41yo  
Must be totally submissive, completely sub-  
servient & relocatable upon Master's de-  
mand. Master will totally control you! Replies  
with photo answered 1st PO Box 412  
Syracuse NY 13208 I will own you.  
5914 &c

### WIFE, MASTROBODIST

Pussy seeks other cunts to join him in total  
oral worship of the hairy, tall, lean, mascu-  
line body, big feet, and suckable cock of  
mature arrogant VA Master. Slut's  
cockroaches, pigs, cockroaches apply with phone  
# Master is too much man for one pussy.  
3553LF &c

### BOYFUD

5' 0" 195# 45yo, 49"e, 34"m, 17"o. seeks  
other BB's my size or bigger, into mutual  
fisting, thwork and ? Photo appreciated  
Rick 332 Blecker #H24 NY NY 10014

### BODY WORSHIPPER

Body slave, on call for your pleasure. WS.  
BB's, uncuts, verbal abuse pluses. Head to toe,  
my mouth & hands are eager to do your  
bidding. You call the shots! Anything to make  
you feel real good! Call Mike, 212 XXXT  
218 H 12 Midnight EST or write with P/P to  
Box 8971LF

### BURGLAR WITH SLAVE MIND

Very cute novice, 5'6" 135# BLND/BRN, in  
great shape, needs firm but caring Master  
who will tame/train me, prefer 25-40yo  
boy smart, independent, PERF. Seeks long  
term ownership with right Master. Sir, please  
send photo & instructions to 3640LF &c

### CLIMBER MASTROBODIST

Hot, hung WM, barber, 34yo turns on to  
giving military haircuts, flattops, buzzcuts  
etc. PO Box 2291 New York NY 10185

### DAYTIME THEFT

Older GWM, seeks friendly WM authority  
figure for into SM, safe sex. No drugs, booze  
hustlers. (718) 884 4576

### FRUITFUL FULFILLMENT

Goodlooking, 36yo, 5'10", silver-blond hair  
blue eyes, professional versatile, enjoy  
younger men, bondage, SM, CBT FF shav-  
ing. Available with young, Nordic, swim-  
mers built God. Any scene created. The sex  
and company will be a great time. Westchester  
and So. Connecticut area. POB, 590  
Larchmont, NY 10538 or call (212) 969  
0730 3617LF &c

### FRIENDLY? DOMINANT? VIRILE?

GWM, seeks WM experienced in dealing  
with naughty, older men (like me) Safe sex  
anytime 4AM-6PM, my den in Riverdale.  
Uniforms & pipe or cigar smokers a+ but not  
essential. Light S&M. No drugs, booze  
money. Phone (7 8) 884 1081 Or PO Box  
630296 NY NY 10463 9992 92112LF

### GERMAN MILITARY MASTER AT

80# clean cut, good shape, into man-to-  
man action, mutual manne-skinhead cop  
scenes, TT, endurance training. Explore &  
expand our limits. Serious recruits only. Your  
picture gets hung. Write in English, German  
or French. BB471

### GOODLOOKING WHITE BOTTOM

(married 33yo, 5'10", 155# very oral with  
a hot hole) is seeking fuckbuddies (1,2 or  
more) who are lean, muscular, hairy and  
hung (preferably uncult) for weekday (9am to  
5pm) action (1 on 1 or 1 on group) in  
Chelsea area. Race is no barrier. You must be  
HIV- and discrete. Steve (212) 989 8597  
you won't be disappointed in service  
3504LF &c

### OWN, 36, 5'4", 145, SPANKI

Jackknife me over your knee. Rip my jeans  
down to the bare facts. Spank my peach fuzz  
bare bottom till it burns and blushes. Reign  
my bottom squirming on your lap. I spank  
too. Write R Newhouser, 229 St Johns Pl  
#2D, Brooklyn, NY 11217 JF

### WIFE, MASTROBODIST

Hot WM, 31yo, 5'8", 145# muscular bot-  
tom, seeks massively endowed dominant  
studs for rough play. HIV- only. Photo/  
phone to G Stuart, POB 1125, NYC, NY  
0113-1125. Fuck me up Box 8527LF

### WIFE, MASTROBODIST

Big to suck my B' dick and hot hole. Master  
is a WM very hot, muscular, 6'1" 185#,  
35yo, brown, hairy mustache. Seeks pig for  
raunch, VA, pigs, shit, humiliation. You must  
send photo and groveling letter to Sir Box  
8775LF

# GRAPIK ART

P.O. Box 460142D & S.F., CA & 94146-0142

## SHAVED DOWN

A hot, hard beauty. Dylan  
submits to nearly endless  
cruel positions of rope  
but says heavy rns, bit  
gags bit, amps, and more  
Master David gradually  
shaves the ad entire  
body and head. When  
finished Dylan is smooth  
as can be. These two are  
exceptionally hot  
together!



## ROPED AND DRILLED

Master Lash ropes and  
dominates 6'4" Dustin. ee  
Dustin is a steamingly hot  
sex slave. Lash skillfully  
trains his ad to obey  
through bondage and dis-  
pline. Dustin serves in hat  
a dozen tight bondage po-  
sitions.



## ROPED AND PUMPED

It took a firm and experienced hand to  
contain this big stud. Rick Parlera is all the  
rage, and here he submits to a true period  
as a sexual slave. Kept roped, chained,  
and gagged, the ad is used for Master  
David's sexual pleasure. This is Rick as  
you won't see him anywhere else.



## THIRTY DAY TRIAL

Aladdin came to us in a very needful  
state. He submits to Cougar Cash and  
finds himself wildly turned on to his  
slavery. Aladdin struggles to serve,  
revealing the natural slave. He was  
ultimately unable to contain his load.

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## BOY & MACHINE LEATHER LIVING

Handsome, musc, hung - bisexual 30yo 5'8" thick black hair/stache. RED HOT, in full leather-top uniform-rubber. BD, VA, TT hood? Seeks masculine Topman, 27-48yo, gdlkg-trim-hot & hung. Make this latin stud give you long, slow, sweaty oral service both in full leather-uniforms-rubber! Beer-smoke drama, NYC, Boston, DC. 3580LF &c

## NOT MASCULINE YET

Married, mean. Seeks rough affair with hot masculine bottom. Your place. Dear Sir w, photo & phone to: Harry Raskin, PO Box 2462, New York, NY 10185 LF

## NINETY ABOVE SCENE

Hot group open to in-shape Master's and slaves into SM, BD, etc. All ages, race scenes. 47yo, GWM, 5'11", 180#, seeks also one-on-one buddies. Box 7775, Rego Park, NY, 11374 (718) 275-6719 3616LF

## NEED DAVYRE THIS FAY AME

I control, perhaps own. You bow to my will, jump to my command, serve my comfort. Hairy WM, prol., 53yo, 5'8" 290# seeks younger, w/ lil body hair; not balding or overweight. Requires full mental & physical description of slave. Supplication to: PO Box 022885, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0058. LF

## MAVEN DAD SEEMS BLAMHOY

Masculine, muscular, 45yo, 5'8", 150# 8' safe-sane B&D. Will train one up. Jack, (201) 691-2783

## POKE IN MYE VEN JE AND AN

We met at NYC Eagle on Saturday, November 6. We missed the scene at DK Zone, too pricey! Contact me thru ad. URGENT now Brooklyn. Box 5799LF

## QUALITY INSIDE AND OUT

Very goodlooking, 37yo guy, great body, 6'6.5", clean cut looks, into leather lifestyle. Looking for serious emotional/spiritual and physical relationship with a well centered, exceptionally handsome, Dominant Topman. 6' tall or over, 30-45yo, HIV. 3642LF

## SLAVE WANTED

Mature, experienced Master, 50yo, 5'8", 160#, graying/brown hair thinning, brown eyes, seeks submissive GWM who wants to be trained and controlled as a slave. You must be between 22 and 35yrs, into BD SM, CBT, TT, WS, ass play, toys and complete service. Part time or full time position available. Send letter with photo & phone #. No tats or ferns. Box 9034LF

## TALK ABOUT BUTS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 36yo, 6'1", 185# very handsome, masculine, works out and sincere? Then call Tony (212) 675-7352 to meet in NYC (no 11). Act out your locker room fantasies. Top or bottom, explosive action possible relationship & more! 366 LF

## TICKLIGHT

Just want a GWM in NYC, 50yo, 5'10", 95#, healthy, wants to be you spread eagle & tickle you crazy. Spanking and other safe, mutually agreed scenes also available. No drugs. Be GWM, 25yo, healthy. 5862LF

## TUNER LEATHER BOY PUPPETS

45yo, GWM, does punching scenes, CB Tie, other creative abuse to willing bottoms and other versatile Tops. I have much gear do some travel. 3651LF

## BONDAGE BY CAPTIVE

am interested in being stripped, naked by you and your friends, hogged, and gagged and gang raped over several hours before you let me go. I'm a GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 145# slender. If you are interested in this or similar scenes send phone # where I can call you to Tom: TR 217 East 86th St. Box 240 NY, NY 10029

## VERBALLY AGGRESSIVE TOP

Commanding-Demanding-Aggressive, yet sensual seeks boy-toy needing/yearning to give of himself for my pleasure. Leather/non leather for 36yo, 5'7", 190#. My place discreetly in Brooklyn. Letter/photo? Box 2043 NY NY 10159 Come serve this hairy man. LF

## WET PANTS

48yo, 150#, loves hot piss in leather pants on each other, steamy WS, SM fantasies let's play. Your picture gets mine. (914) 676-4959 5915LF &c

## NORTH CAROLINA

### NAUTICAL BY NAUTICAL RELATIVES

SHIP 23yo, 6'2", 200#, attractive, eager bottom, seeking Top. Possible relationship SM, BD, TT, FF VA & more, as limits expand. You experienced attractive masculine, 25-45yo ++ are beefy hairy, extra-hung. Please send letter, photo, & photo? to: PO Box 3052 Greensboro NC 27402 587BLF

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in any of these classified ads you can connect with that person instantly by calling either of the numbers. Tough numbers Full details in how to use this service appear on page 76

## OHIO

### BROTHERS IN LEATHER

Touching, nuzzling, playful/sensuous tickling, massaging, shaming, coning, warm, honest, openly communicating, healthy, trim. Looking for like-minded friend/partner for on-going, intimate exchanges and joys in life. I am bearded, GWM, 40yo, 6'1", educated professional. No smoke/drugs. LEATHERED LIBRARIAN, (419) PO Box 2650, Toledo, OH 43606-0250 3647LF

### COCKSUCKING BALLSLAVE

Looking for Sadist into CBT & BD Stretch leash, slap, electric, squeeze them, etc. Corruption stones/threats. No permanent damage safe, sane, consensual. Also drugfree, sober. Re exact tight-rope Videos 6, 175#, ft 38yo. You: fit and 25-45yo? Will drive 5 hrs or host weekends/vocation 3624LF &c

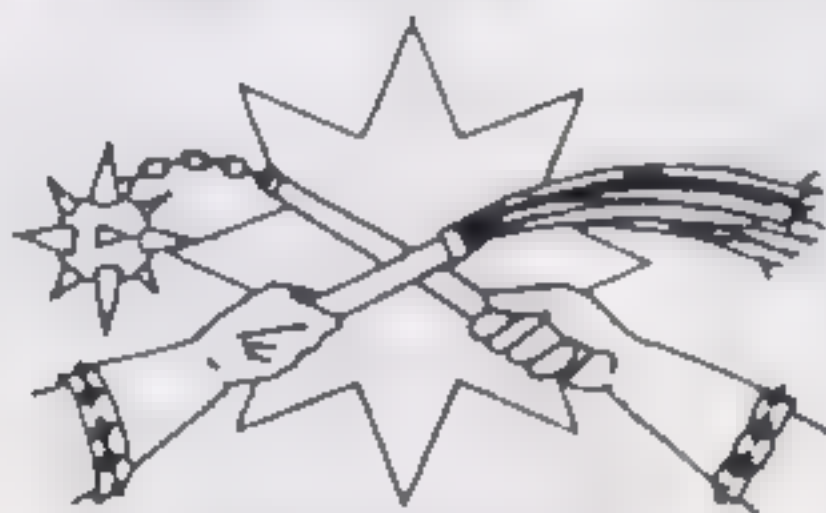
### ROMAN DISCIPLINE

Former English Boarding School Director perfect, seeks colonial butts (experienced or novices) 43yo, 5'11", 175#. In excellent physical shape, swim, run, and Nautilus. Reasonable limitations considered. Training sessions neither extreme or brutal. Nonetheless, expect a firm, no-nonsense administration of strap, paddle(s), flog, cane, belt. Or receive strap fully clothed, through sparkling white jockeys, to the bare ass. Applicants should have a semblance of self worth cockiness, and resistance which will be the basis of conversion to respect and obedience. PO Box 14056, Cleveland OH 44114 3658LF

### NOT ITALIAN BOTTOM

Handsome bodybuilding, sex slave, 43yo, 5'10", 160# hairy, BRN/BRN, full beard, non smoker/drinker. HIV- wants to serve and service in shops, non fat non-smoking Tops. Photo and letter to Ray, PO Box 141553 Columbus, OH 43214 3531LF

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## HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

You: 21-35yo, short, slim, for submission humiliation, basement playroom, SM, BD kinky, nudity, safe and sane only, no drugs letter and phone to Cleveland Box 8686LF

## IF ITS NOT HERE...

YOU WON'T FIND IT! Hot Top, 31yo, 5'8" 150# BLND/BLU, hairy, stache, 8" A cut Hotter Top/bottom, 36yo, 5'11", 160# BRN BRN, smooth stache, 7" A cut Hottest bottom, porn star, 25yo, 5'11", 155# BRN BLU, hairy or 7, 10" cut. All HIV- Into BD CBT electricity, FF shaving, SM, WS, VA, complete playroom A-Z, 2000+ videos limits respected/expended GPPC Box 14 3 Mentor, OH 44061 14 3 or Call (2 6) 951-5105 350 LF &c

## SLAVE OR NINJA PLAY NINJA

We are healthy, goodlooking guys ISO Fun Toy US 29yo, 130#, 5'7" BRN/MZL, other IS 38yo, 160#, 5'10", BLND/GREY. You good to average for slut toy Photo/Phone to Richard, PO Box 602144 Cleve, OH 44 02

## SM NINJA SLAVE & YOUTUBE

Ohio intelligent professional 42yo, 5'0" 175# let's explore S/M with artful controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT BD Submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or average A+ No gut or over 2 D# Safe sane, kinky, role reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC. PO Box 19830 Cincinnati, OH 452 9

## PENNSYLVANIA

### LIVELY LEATHER LADY

WM, 168# 5'8" seeks a hot leatherman for hot scenes in full leather. Let's see where fantasy can go, mutual play. Photo. 8832

## RHODE ISLAND

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Physician needs live-in slave. No pain no leather but you must submit completely letter to Box 214. Seekonk, MA 02

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### TECHNICAL NINJA NEEDS DOM TOP

WM 28yo, oral slave needs to service Dominant Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to PO Box 6947 Columbia, SC 29260 I enjoy WS, BD. Toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, running & press I love it all! 3568LF &c

## TEXAS

### BOY SERKS DOMINANT DAD

Boy is 30yo, 5'9" 140# with sparkable and fuckable ass. Prefer Dad that is Big, hairy dirty-mouthed and very aggressive in bed. Teach me that Daddy gets what he damn well needs! Send letter and photo to Boxholder PO Box 792311 San Antonio, TX 78279 2311 3709LF

## COWBOY BOOTS & SPUR FETISH

GWM, 39yo, 195# 6'3", 120 lbs, w/ big moustache. Gets hard on when cowboys use spurs on horse or my flanks rough! Got a horse, saddles, bits, chops, whips, 36 boots & 130 pairs of spurs. Saddle me up & put some spurmarks on my hide I like rank armpits & buttholes to worship too! 3641LF

## EDUCING DAD/BIG BRO TOP

Ex-SMC in shape 44c 33w 47yo 5'0" 85# BLND/BLU stache. HIV into BD feet boots & more SO HIV WS. I teach it on outgoing younger men over 5'8" size 10+ feet. Cheery or country type or A+, and loveable. Reply to Mr R.H. PO Box 22806 Houston, TX 77227 8888LF

## HOUSTON SLUT/FUCKBOY/CUNT

Wanna hot, tight hole & mouth to massage dominant tops with big dicks and active tongues. Into gang fuck scenes I'm 36yo, & smooth solid very healthy HIV into SM, WS, VA, spanking, mild TT, BD, rimming assplay, leather, uniforms, cops, Daddys & bears. Strip me, tie me, use me, fill my ass & face with cum 5904LF &c

## MINNAPOLIS

Wanna his talented mouth and tongue for your use and abuse! Will submit to rough and humiliation. Pig is 5'10" 146#, 33yo with small, worthless cock. Make an appointment with your own personal Part O self. You deserve it 4c JC or late night calls, please Rob, PO Box 181281, Dallas, TX 75218 1281 (2 4) 328-2324 3668LF

## WINDHOP SLAVE NEEDED

by Cowboy Top to drink piss, eat ass suck cock service pjs and feet. Prefer stable ass 1 am 6, 170# moustache/beard, very ring brown hair pierced tattooed. HIV neg. Send letter/photo to Perry, PO Box 2263 Lubbock, TX 79408 or Phone (806) 763 2700 3608LF &c

## SLAVE SERKS MASTER

32yo, 200#, broad-shouldered, muscular 7" A cock. Desires weekend with intense sessions. Heavy bondage, heavy CBT, TT whipping. Seeks experienced Master with well-equipped dungeon. Prefer DFW area but will consider statewide. Photo gets some 3646LF

## TEXAS LEATHER, PAIN, BAD

Hot bottom needs bondage & pain. Looking for SM studs in TX & surrounding area. Into CBT, TT, B&D, & safe SM. GWM, 33yo, 5'4" 155# good build needs torture. Give me a call at (806) 353-9452 or write to Box 8440LF

## WANTED TO BE USED

Permanent live-in slave wanted. Must be G, P, F/A, subservient, slim and have a really hot ass. No outside job I'm 6'2", 175# hairy, mature, stable GM. Needs GM who wants to be kept for frequent, constant use as "Yes, Sir" fuck slave. 88334LF

## UTAH

### UTAH NINJA NEEDED

Wanted: Live-in boy, ready for a life of structure/discipline, balanced with affection/tenderness. Dad is protective, safe/sane, tall, slim, mid-40s, balding. Novices with proper attitudes welcome. Seniors only need apply, photo required. 88465LF

## NOT NEEDED

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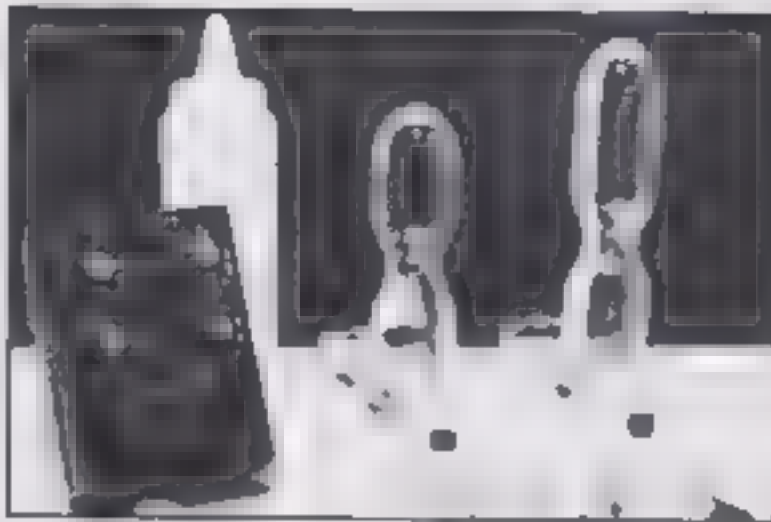


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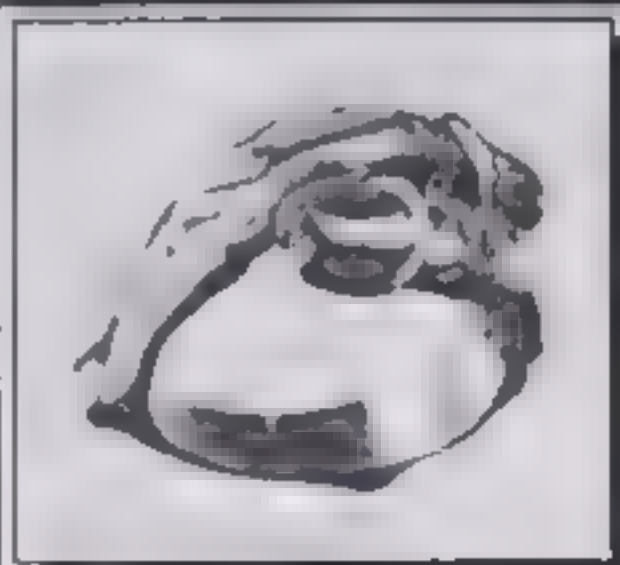
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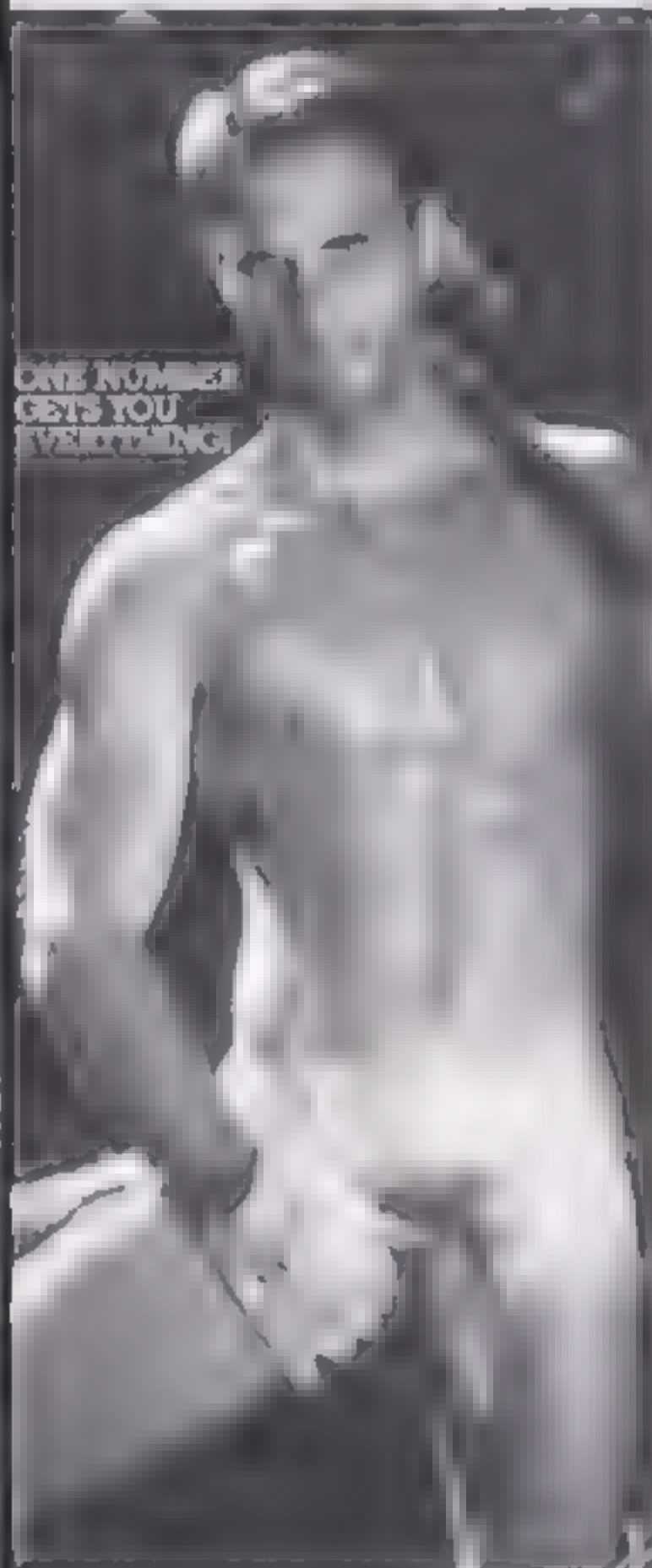
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\*We verify phone numbers one time. If you renew your ad at a later time and use the same phone number, we will attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad. We will **NOT** publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Please include your area code.

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In addition to our mail box forwarding, you may call us at 415-252-1195 or receive a voice mail passcode. You can then leave your ad or any message in another ad on our phoneline. \*All current boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a voice mailbox number and passcode for their current ad. Your voice box will be active in the next available issue of Drummer magazine.

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A photo with your personal ad can only be considered for Tough Customers (see page 81 for details). Models, escorts and commercial advertisers can have a 1 1/4" photo printed with ad - models/escorts pay \$35 and commercial advertisers pay \$50. Enclose a 3" x 5" black and white photo along with a signed statement saying you are at least 21 years of age.

### PRICE & CATEGORY:

Prices vary, see grid for details. Personals /Leather Fraternity • Models/Escorts • Commercial

### EXCEPTIONS:

We reserve the right to edit or to refuse any ad for any reason. We will not publish references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs.

### HEADLINE:

Your classified ad will go into the next available issue. Allow 60 days to see your ad in a future issue. Remember it takes time for people to respond to your ad as well.

## HOW TO RESPOND TO A CLASSIFIED AD:

### 1. FOR ADS WITH ☐ SYMBOL OR BOX NUMBER:

\* Seal your reply in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap.

\* Use correct postage - domestic (US) costs 29 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce, Canada and Mexico cost 40 cents for the first ounce, 23 cents for each additional ounce, foreign overseas is 50 cents for the first half ounce, 45 cents for the second half-ounce. 39 cents for each additional half-ounce. Foreign overseas vouchers or money cannot be used. Foreign country responses: If US Postage is not available, we will provide postage. For 1-5 letters send an additional \$2. For 5-10 letters, send an additional \$5. Postal rates are subject to change without notice.

\* Put the sealed letter(s) and a \$1 forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LF member) per reply in another envelope and mail it to: DESMODUS INC., PO Box 4109390 San Francisco, CA 94141-0390.

\* Letters not properly prepared will be returned to sender.

\* Desmondus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

### 2. FOR ADS WITH ☎ SYMBOL:

1. Using a touch-tone phone dial 1-800-959-8684 (\$1.98 per minute billed to your credit card or 90¢/468-6844 \$3 first minute \$2.00 additional minutes billed to your phone number).

2. Follow the voice directions from the phoneline. For 1-800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number appearing at the end of the ad you want to contact.

## SEND US YOUR PHOTO & GET SEEN IN DRUMMER'S TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8

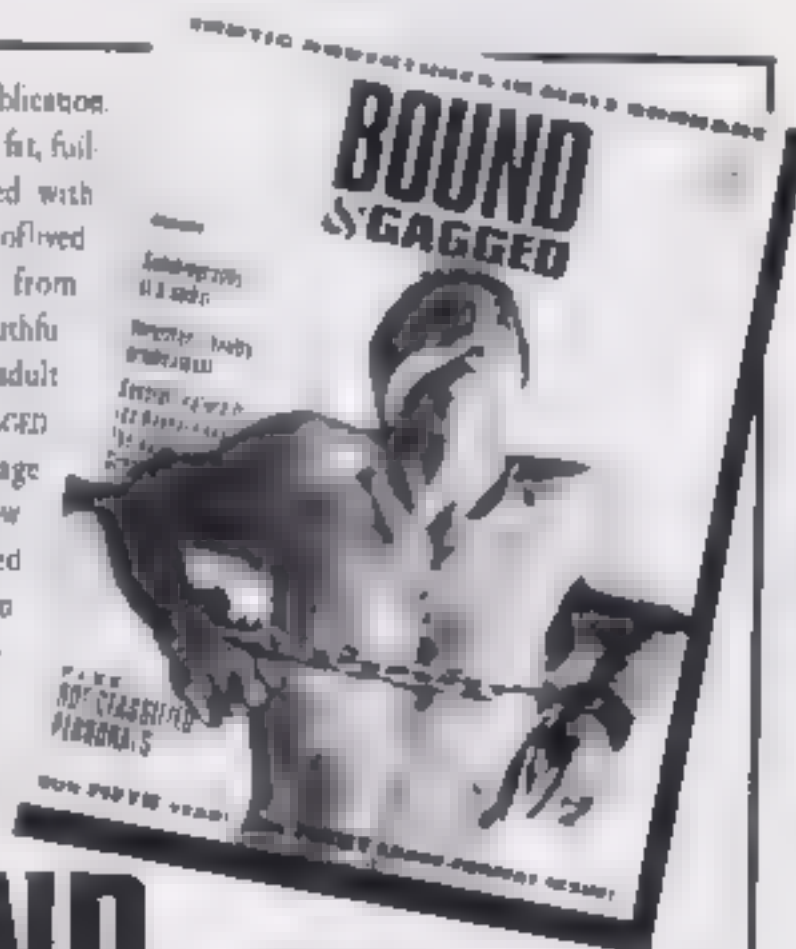


### Are you tough enough to become a Drummer Tough Customer?

To prove it just send us a photo of yourself (b&w preferred) in any pose so we can show you off in our next issue of Tough Customer - the Photo Personal Publication. Make sure to print your name and address on the back of the photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age. You may include your address for publication, or we will assign you a confidential TC Box #. Having your photo in our Tough Customer Magazine is one of the greatest ways to meet other Drummer Men with your interests from all over the country/world. Please note that we cannot show penetration and photos cannot be returned.

Send photos to: Desmondus, Inc., P.O. Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390.

Over five years in publication, **BOUND & GAGGED** is a fat, full-sized magazine loaded with reader-written accounts of lived bondage experiences, from not-so-ways innocent youthful games to openly erotic adult activities. **BOUND & GAGGED** is filled with great bondage art, sizzling photos, how-to articles & hot classified ads. Subscribe today to the only bondage publication in the Western world exclusively devoted to male restraint.



# BOUND & GAGGED

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SIX ISSUES: \$30 US; \$31.50 CANADA; \$45 OVERSEAS (surface); \$66 OVERSEAS (air mail). All payments must be in US currency. Make payable to CASH or to THE OUTBOUND PRESS. Send to: The Outbound Press, 89 Fifth Ave., Suite 803, New York, NY 10003.

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

THE ABOVE SIGNATURE CERTIFIES THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE



Need more space? Print or type the rest on a separate sheet, and for every 25 characters, spaces you use, add \$3.50 for Dear Sir Personals, \$42.00 (\$3.50 x 12 issues) for Leather Fraternity Personals, \$5.25 for Models/Escorts, \$7.00 for Commercial!

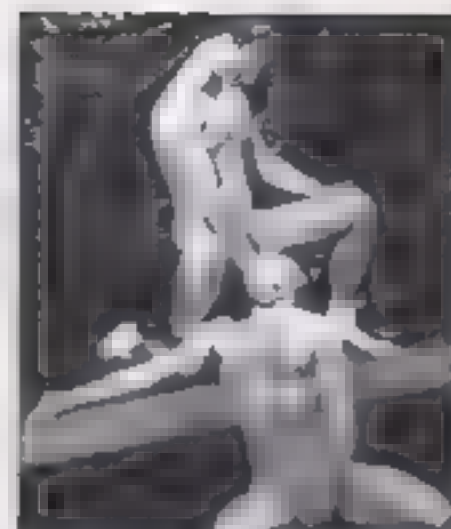


## ZEUS

V137	Cumathon	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V138	Ritual	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V139	Steel Dungeon 1	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V140	Steel Dungeon 2	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V141	Eagle of Ft. Lauderdale 1	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V142	Eagle of Ft. Lauderdale 2	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V143	Anal Obsession	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V144	Zeusmen 1	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V145	Zeusmen 2	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V146	Zeusman 3	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V147	Zeusman 4	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V148	Muscle Bound Men 1	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V149	Muscle Bound Men 2	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V150	Punishment 1	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V151	Punishment 2	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V152	Punishment 3	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V153	Punishment 4	♦ ♦ ♦	69 95
V154	Canadian Muscle Hunks	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V155	Reunion I	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V156	Reunion II	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V157	Eagle of L.A.	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95

## ZEUS TIGHTROPES 1 THROUGH 25

TR01	TIGHTROPES 1	
TR14	TIGHTROPES 14	59 95
TR15	TIGHTROPES 15	
TR25	TIGHTROPES 25	69 95



Apollo: Like a Dog

## APOLLO

V161	First Time Broken 1	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V162	First Time Broken 2	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V163	Boy in Agony 3	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V164	Apollo Boy: Bound Muscle	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V165	Like a Dog	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95



Close Up: Captive Men 5



Graphic Arts: To Train Up a Pirate

## RUSSO PRODUCTIONS

V114	The Intruder	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
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## FALCON

V401	The Abduction	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V402	Conflict	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95
V403	Redemption	♦ ♦ ♦	79 95



Bob Jones: Farm Bound



Bob Jones: Roughed Up By Russo

## GRAPHIK ARTS

V320	The Lizard (Rappalo)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V321	Fervent (Bobby Vega)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V322	Purgatory Weekend (Jeffries)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V323	Cat's Cradle (Angel)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V324	Iron Tits (Butch)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V325	Caught (Rod)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V326	Loaner (Dany)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V327	Game Lad (Lash)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V328	Pirate's Prize (Chris Valens)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V329	Spring Break (Chris Valens)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V330	Serving Two Masters (Miklos)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V331	To Train Up a Pirate (Valens)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V332	Plucked (Steve Landess)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V333	Twisted Knickers (Marko)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V334	Caged (Tony Ricco)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V335	Bottom Man (Caravaggio)	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V338	Roped & Pumped	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V339	Shaved Down	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V340	Thirty Day Trial	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95
V341	Roped and Drilled	♦ ♦ ♦	59 95

## DESMODUS

V190	Beating Ass	♦ ♦ ♦	39 95
V191	Topical Torture	♦ ♦ ♦	39 95
V192	Rope That Works	♦ ♦ ♦	39 95





Close Up, Hell Weekend



Graphic Arts: Bottom Man

## BOB JONES

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V601	Boston Boot Bottom	+	69 95
V602	The Whipping Master	+	69 95
V603	Whipped and Creamed	+	69 95
V604	Stripped, Whipped & Washed	+	69 95
V605	Thief's Punishment	+	69 95
V606	Training Zone	+	69 95
V607	Farmbound	+	79 95
V608	Roughed Up by Russo	+	69 95
V609	Russo's Revenge	+	69 95
V610	Dungeon Slave Boys	+	69 95
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# ROB

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Leather Restraints	Messy Greasy	Jack Off
Hit Torture	Wet Wrestling	Cum Scene
		Shaving



CloseUp, The Interrogation



Zeus: Reunion I

## CLOSE UP

V002	Military Secrets	+	79 95
V100	Roughed Up in Boston	+	79 95
V101	Roughed Up in LA	+	79 95
V102	Hell Weekend	+	79 95
V103	Slave Workshop LA	+	79 95
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V105	Slaves Submission	+	69 95
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V108	Captive Men 1	+	69 95
V109	Captive Men 2	+	69 95
V110	Captive Men 3	+	69 95
V111	Captive Men 4	+	69 95
V112	Captive Men 5	+	79 95
V113	Slave Workshop Boston	+	79 95
V114	Daddies Boys	+	69 95
V116	Slave Camp	+	79 95
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V118	Nude Muscle Hunk Oil Wrist	+	69 95

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By my signature, I certify: (1) I am at least 21 years of age, ordering these items for my own private interests; (2) I will not use them against Rob GALLERY or any person whomsoever in any conceivable manner; (3) I will not permit any minor or any person who might find said items offensive to see/use them in any manner; (4) I have not caused my name to be put on any list being accumulated by the U.S.P.S. or any other government agency forbidding sexually explicit material being sent to me; (5) Should I change my mind in this regard, agree to notify you by registered mail; (6) I authorize you to mail me from time to time such materials/circulars in which you in your sole discretion feel I may have an interest; (7) I believe my standards reflect those of the community in which I reside.

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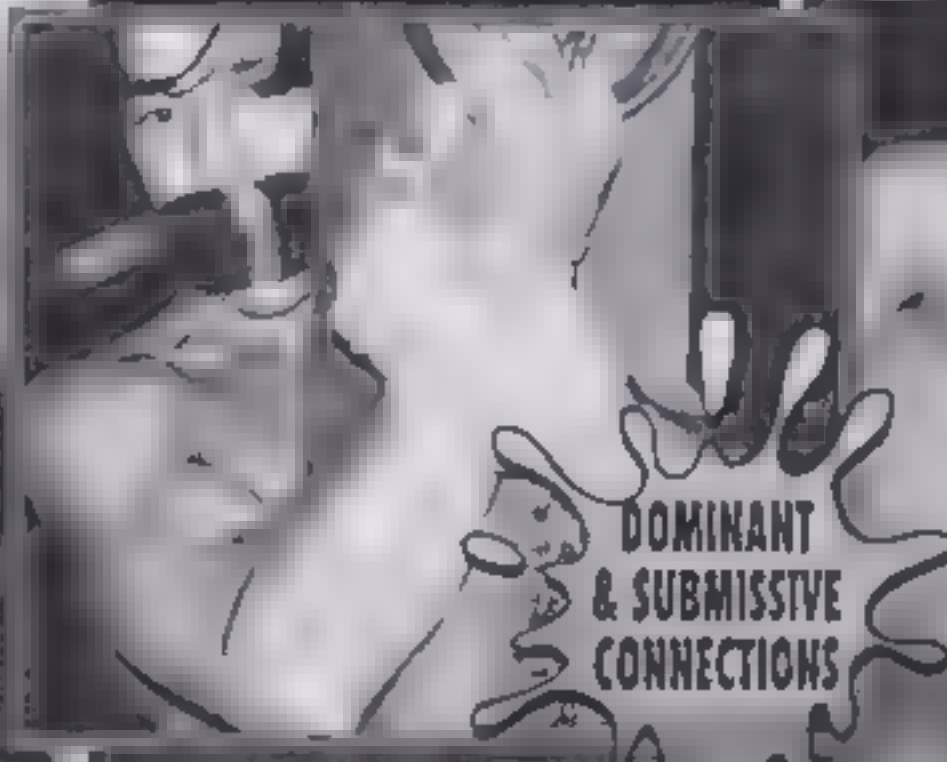
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## SEND US YOUR PHOTO & GET INTO DRUMMER'S TOUGH CUSTOMER #9

Are you tough enough to become a Drummer Tough Customer? To prove it just send us a black and white photo of yourself (hopefully in a provocative pose) so we can show you off in an upcoming Tough Customer issue. Make sure to print your name and address on the back of the photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age. You may include your address for publication, or we will assign you a confidential TC Box #.

Having your photo in our Tough Customer Magazine is one of the greatest ways to meet other Drummer Men with your interests - from all over the country/world.

- We cannot show penetration.

- Photos cannot be returned.

- Please send photos to:

Desmodus, Inc.  
P.O. Box 410390  
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CA 94141

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